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PARRY'S



Hello Again
 You must be wondering what I've brought with me this time. Of course I've brought Caramilk, Coffy Bite and Try-Me... and lot of fun!



THE KING OF SWEETS

GET the LADY BIRD DICE bug!

This is a real fun game. You do two things — have fun drawing and also have fun throwing the dice!

YOU NEED: A DICE

1 PIECE OF PAPER (for each player)

1 PENCIL OR BLACK FELT PEN (for each player)

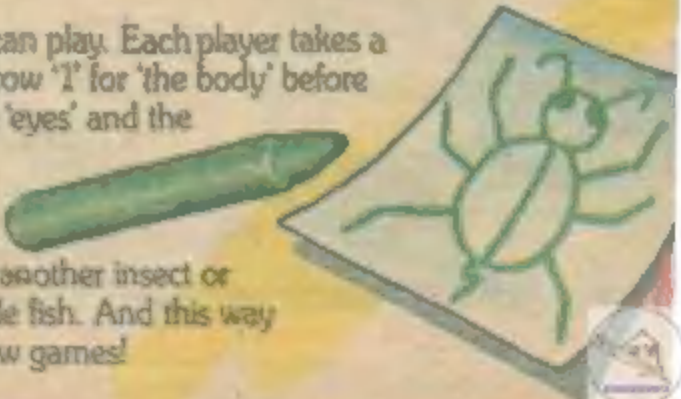


The objective is to complete a drawing of a lady bird which consists of thirteen parts, each with a separate value (that is, each part has a separate number).

The numbers on the dice correspond to the value of each of the beetle's parts. The numbers are:

- 1-THE BODY ● 3-EACH OF SIX LEGS ● 5-EACH OF TWO ANTENNAE
- 2- THE HEAD ● 4-EACH OF TWO EYES
- 6- THE TAIL

Any number of people can play. Each player takes a turn to throw the dice once. It is compulsory to throw '1' for 'the body' before any other parts can be drawn. Also remember the 'eyes' and the 'antennae' can only be added after the head is drawn. Whoever completes his or her LADY BIRD picture first — wins the game. Then you can play all over again. Maybe you can do it with another insect or animal, for example try playing by drawing a simple fish. And this way you can go on and on... with new animals and new games!



PAGE

Parrys-
Sweets
&
Biscuits
everyone
loves!

ALL-IN-1 HOUR!

Did you know?!
In one hour you speak 2,500 words (if you're allowed to!),
blink 500 times and your heart pumps 2 tons of blood, while
your body loses enough heat to boil 2 pints of water and your
fingernails grow 327th of an inch! So aren't you a busy body?

BE A PARATROOPER

YOU NEED:

A LARGE HANDKERCHIEF OR PAPER
NAPKIN; THIN STRING; SMALL
CORK; SHEET OF PAPER;
SCISSORS; CELLOTAPE;
PAINTS, FELT PENS OR CRAYONS.

You must have always envied those para-
troopers you see in films and books. Here's a chance to have
your very own parachute!

Cut four pieces of string,
each 30 cm (12 in) long.
Tie one piece of string to
each corner of the hand-
kerchief (as shown in
figure 1). Tie a piece of string
tightly round the middle of the
cork. (See figure 2) Tie the
handkerchief strings to the
string around the cork (as
shown in figure 3). Draw a
parachutist on the paper, cut him out and tape him to the cork
(as shown in figure 4). Now! Drop your parachute from the stairs,
through a window, from anywhere high up and just watch him float down!

FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 3



FIG. 4



IT'S A FACT

Birds never
sing on the
ground. They
sing only
when perched
on a branch.

WHICH FISH FITS THE SHADOW?

What is the shadow of fish 1,
fish 2, fish 3, fish 4 or
fish 5?



1

2

3

4

5



THE KING OF SWEETS

CUT AND KEEP

0217-728



IN THIS ISSUE

Mythology:

The Renunciation
— In Story of Buddha ... Page 15

Stories:

The Superior Wisdom ... Page 11
The Happiest Man ... Page 20
Strength Of A Man ... Page 23
The Actor And the Flatterer ... Page 29
The Miracle With Earth ... Page 31
Swallowed By a Shark ... Page 36
The Brave And The Coward ... Page 39

The Bandit Identified ... Page 45
The Nobleman's Last Wish ... Page 55
The King's Art ... Page 58
Two Misers And A Pair of Shoes... Page 61

Picture Stories:

Saga of Nehru (4) ... Page 51
The Agra Fort ... Page 57

Features:

World of Nature ... Page 34
World of Sport ... Page 35
Only A Fly ... Page 49

AND News Flash, Let Us Know and More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol.19 MARCH 1989 No.9

* The Prince takes a plunge into the unknown — in the *Story of Buddha*.

* The indefatigable jester, Gopal, is the cause of yet another hilarious episode.

* Jawaharlal is arrested for the first time — in the *SAGA OF NEHRU*.

* A bunch of amusing stories and all the other regular features.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अहो किमपि चित्राणि चरित्राणि महात्मनाम् ।
लक्ष्मीं तृणाय मन्यन्ते तद्भरेण नमन्त्यपि ॥

*Aho kimapi chitrani charitrani mahatmanam
Lakshminim trinaya manyante tadbharena namantyaapi*

Such is the nature of those who are truly noble that they look upon wealth as leaves of grass (and never run after it) and if they are wealthy, they remain humble.

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

AN EXEMPLARY STEP

A young reader has written to inform us that he and five of his "little" friends are trying to keep their suburban locality clean. When they set out for their school walking, they have no time to spend on the road, but on their way back, they remove any obstacle or filth lying on the road, put fences around plants on the roadside and so on and so forth. They are happy that the residents of the locality appreciate their work.

We can assure our readers that such good works will always be appreciated. No human being — not even a criminal — is bereft of conscience. Any constructive work taken up with no other motive but love for the people and the country — and more so by the young — will be applauded by all.

Thoughts to be Treasured

We are citizens of no mean country and we are proud of the land of our birth, of our people, our culture, our traditions.

—Jawaharlal Nehru





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Non-stop excitement!



AND SO GEMS BOND IS READY TO FACE HIS NEXT ADVENTURE. THE EXCITEMENT CONTINUES...





ENCYCLOPAEDIA ON A PIN-HEAD

British scientists have developed an electron beam which can produce letters small enough to write the entire 29 volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica on the head of a pin with this technique. It is possible to write one million lines side by side in the width of a pencil line, or to drill one million million holes on the head of a pin.

THE GREAT LITTLE SCHOLAR

An 11-year-old Indian, Balamurali Ambati, has taken the American educational system by surprise with his scholastic achievements.

The Vellore-born Ambati, who expects to join college next autumn, started speaking and writing English at the age of three.

By four, he had mastered multiplication and was already beginning to learn basic calculus.



A TRAIN TO RIVAL THE AEROPLANE

The railways will now compete with the airways with the coming of "Transrapid" — the world's fastest magnetic levitation train — with a speed that is only possible in the air.

In a few years the first regular magnetic levitation train on rails will shuttle between Hanover and Hamburg along a specially built track.

ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THAILAND

After 25 years of excavation and restoration, Thailand has officially unveiled an ancient royal capital from its "golden age", reports AP.

Peeling away centuries of jungle growth and soil accumulation, Thai and foreign experts have partially restored 193 Buddhist temples, moats, kiln sites and other structures that 700 years ago were part of the powerful and artistically flourishing city of Sukhothai.



No share prices,
no political fortunes, yet...

**Over 40% of Heritage readers
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61% from households
with a professional / executive
as the chief wage earner.
Half hold a postgraduate degree
or a professional diploma.**

~ from an IMRB survey
conducted in Oct. 1988



It's an unusual magazine. It has a vision for today and tomorrow. It features ancient cities and contemporary fiction, culture and scientific developments, instead of filmstar interviews and political gossip. And it has found a growing readership, an IMRB survey reveals. Professionals, executives and their families are reading The Heritage in depth - 40% from cover to cover, 82% more than half the magazine. More than 80% of The Heritage readers are reading an issue more than once. And over 90% are slowly building their own Heritage collection. Isn't it time you discovered why?

THE
HERITAGE

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THE SUPERIOR WISDOM

A man was ~~was~~ running with a horse, instead of riding it. He held the rope to which the horse was tied.

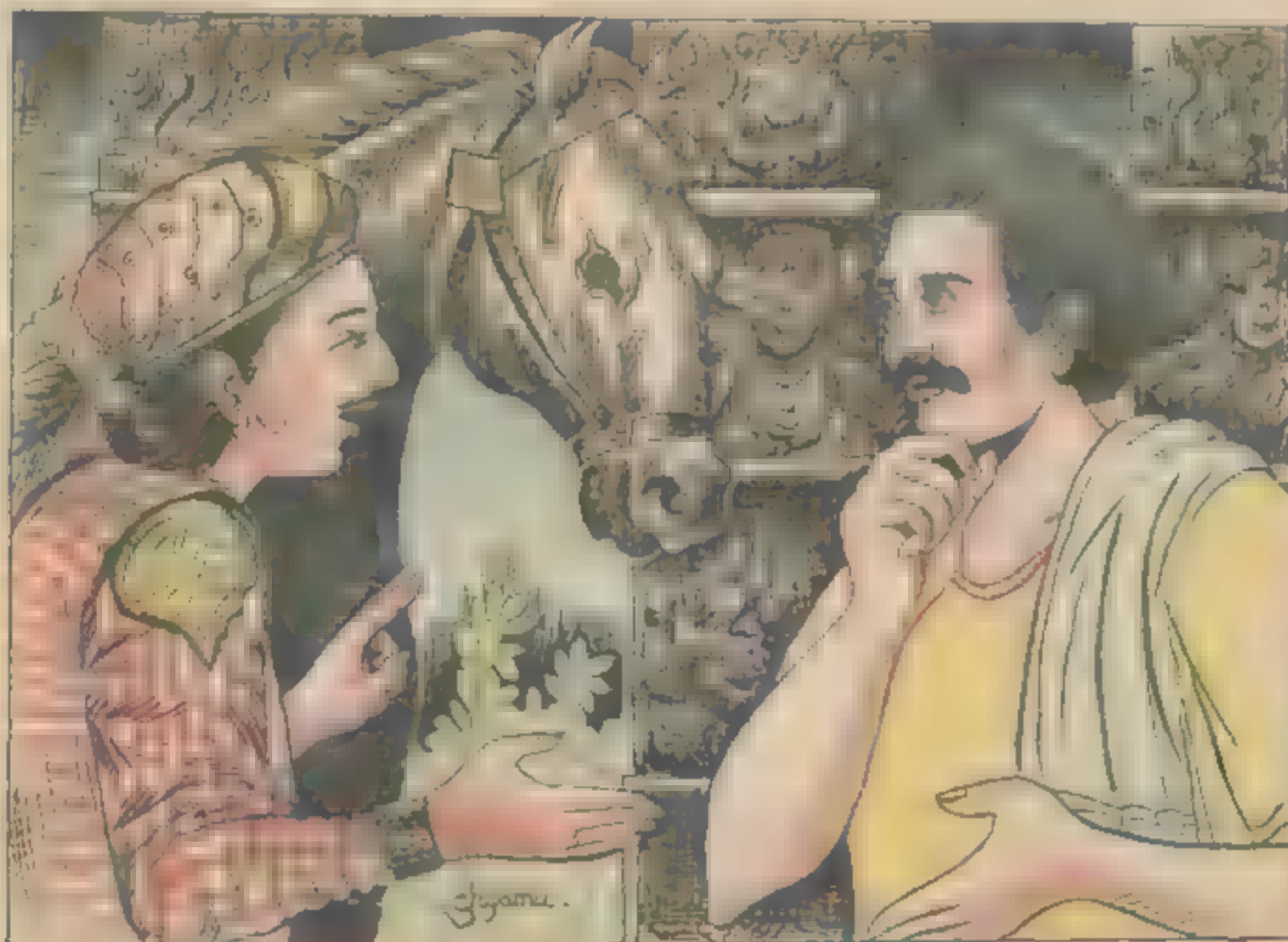
Gasping for breath, he stopped in front of an inn for some rest.

"Young man, what made you run with the horse?" asked the innkeeper.

"Well, it is to reach my destination faster!" answered the young man.

"If that is the case, why don't you ride the horse?" asked the curious innkeeper.

The young man smiled meaningfully, but was reluctant to answer. The innkeeper grew even more curious and insisted on getting an answer. The young man ~~at~~ last agreed to tell him what was on his mind. He said, "You see, I was about to walk to reach my destination. But my master asked me to go by horse, saying that four legs went faster than two legs. That gave me the clue to some greater wisdom. If four legs were faster than two, six legs will be faster than four! Do you now understand why I am using the four legs of the horse along with my own two legs?"





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Because even his light meal is loaded with vigour.

He needs greater proportions of protein in his daily diet than an adult. And this intake is starkly reflected in his health and vigour. Unfortunately, kids may not share adult tastes in food. They seem to go gaga over light meals instead. But more often than not, light bites turn out to be mere cuds. What he really deserves

is an irresistible light meal that also gives extra vigour.

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The light meal that's generously enriched with protein. A whopping 8.0% to be precise!

Compare its crispy goodness and see for yourself!

Besides, once a kid bites into it he'll always

know just exactly

what he's biting into. And him bite into its invigorating lightness.

FOOD ITEM	PROTEIN (Gms)
Milk	8.0
Chicken	1.0
Apple	0.5
Orange	0.2
Broccoli	4.0
Carrot	5.0
Spinach	6.0
PEPPY	8.0

Protein content is based on 100g of food. Peppy is a registered trademark of DC Comics Inc.

NEW! **PEPPY** HI-PROTEIN CRISPIES



A DC Comics Product of S.M.

LAISSEZ-SEIN

EITHER ACT OR TALK

Bhanu Singh, the wealthy landlord of Sawansagar was ■ fond of his own voice that he never stopped talking. If you meet him he will put some questions to you, but before you answer, he will answer himself — and there will be no pause in his speech!

But who would dare to warn him against useless talk? He used to get angry easily.

One day he camped in one of his estates. Nearby was a hill. He felt an urge to climb it. Near the hill he saw a villager. "Let's walk!" said Bhanu Singh. "I will tell you how mountaineers climb hills." He went on lecturing to the villager, but in the process gasped for breath and sat down.

"Sir, either you speak about the hills, or climb it," calmly advised the villager.

Bhanu Singh realised ■ great truth that day. Those who do a work, do not lecture much on the work.



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STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(Prince Siddhartha sees an old man, a sick man and one that was dead. He wonders about the meaning of life. He finds no contentment in the palace though his father does everything possible to keep him happy and though he is blessed with a son.)

THE RENUNCIATION

One day, late in the afternoon, Siddhartha asked Channa to drive his chariot into the green pastures at the foot of the hills outside the city. The mellow sunlight and the silence of the hour imparted a certain serenity to the green area. There were not many people there. The prince sat

engrossed in his thoughts or charmed by the splendours of Nature around him. Suddenly his eyes fell on a traveller who was clad in yellow robes. His figure was specially marked by a profusion of knotted locks on his head and a flowing long beard.

The traveller looked at the





prince and smiled. At once the prince felt a rare touch of joy and surprise. There was something very special in the traveller's smile. It radiated peace and contentment. So many people smiled at the prince day in and day out. The ministers and courtiers smiled at him with appreciation, the common men smiled with humility and the servants smiled with the desire to please him. But the traveller's was a smile pure and calm. It was devoid of desire of any sort. If anything, it revealed a very spontaneous kindness.

The prince asked Channa to stop. The chariot came to a halt. The traveller was seen disappear-

ing behind a hillock. The prince thought of calling him and talking to him, but he changed his mind. He felt that the traveller should not be disturbed at all. But, turning to Channa, he asked, "Who is he?"

"He is a hermit, O Prince, one who has renounced the world. He has no desire for homely comforts. He lives either in a cave or in a small hut away from the locality. Only once in a while he comes out to collect food from the householders. If he had a family, he has snapped his ties with it," replied Channa.

"What does he do in his cave or his hut?"

"He spends his time in meditation. Free from all the burdens of life, he has enough time to brood over great questions such as what is man, what is God, why do men die, what happens to one's spirit after one's body is gone, etc., etc."

A strange sensation, a mixture of delight and wonder, overwhelmed the prince. After all, there was a very clear alternative to the way he was living his life! There were at least some people who, unlike the multitudes, were bothered by the questions which were uppermost in his own mind. And, such people had blazed a

path which he too could take!

The sun was setting. But the prince felt that a new dawn was breaking out in his life. For years together he had been feeling that his mind was covered by a thick darkness. Now he felt that the darkness had suddenly begun to fade out.

He sat on a rock, looking at the horizon and bathed in the tender rays of the setting sun. Channa stood guard on him.

"Channa," the prince suddenly said, standing up, "Please remain awake tonight. I may need your help."

Channa was surprised, but he said nothing. Both returned to the

palace.

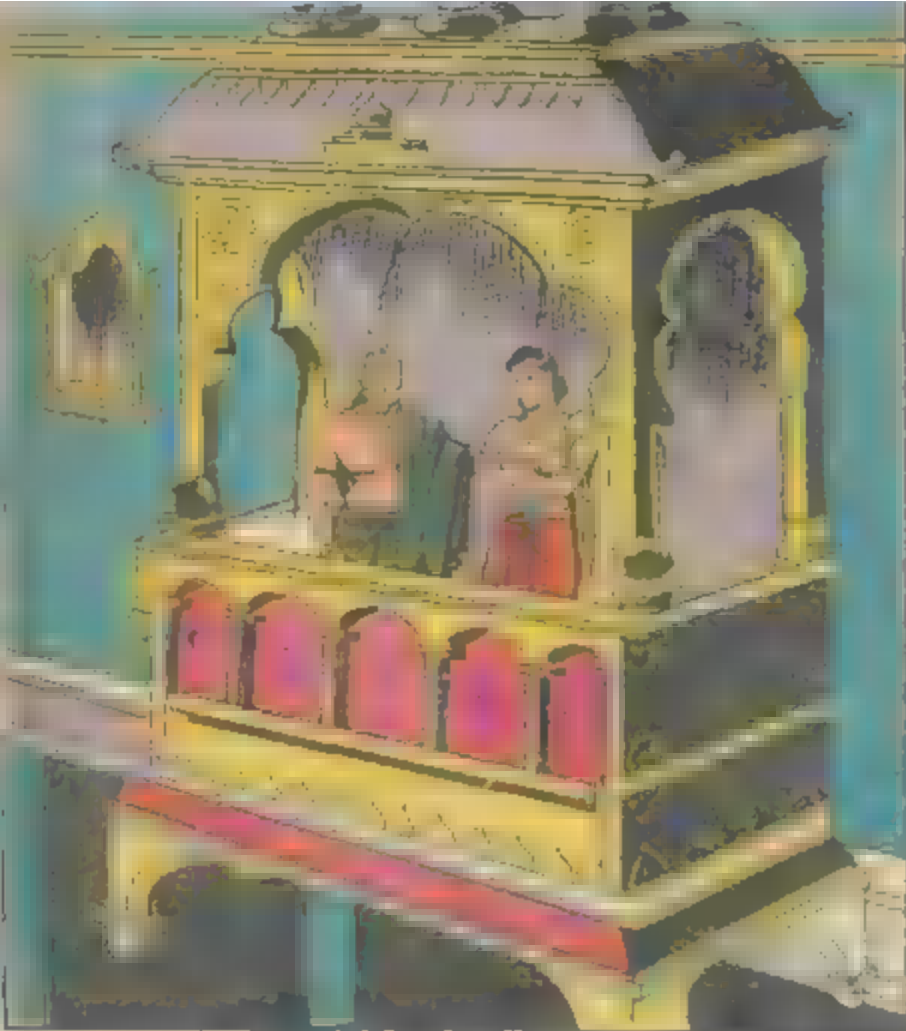
"Where were you, Siddhartha? Our people looked for you everywhere in the city, but you were not to be found!" observed King Siddhodhana.

"Father, I was wandering amidst the green fields outside the city."

"Why? What were you looking for in the empty fields? Why must you go out of your palaces so often? You have three palaces — not one! What do you lack in them that you can find outside?"

The prince kept quiet for a moment and then answered calmly, "Father, you have been extremely kind to me. You have tried to pro-





vide me with everything that I could wish to have. But I still need something more."

"What do you need, my son?" asked the anxious king, "we will spare no pains to fetch it for you and we are confident that we will succeed!" he added with some pride.

"Father, I am in need of the answers to some questions. Why do people suffer? Why do they grow old? Why do they die? I do not find answers to these questions amidst the pomp and splendours of the palaces. I can never rest in peace without them."

"Did you find the answers in the hillside fields?" asked the king

gravely.

"No, Father, I did not. But I believe, I found the way that might help me find them. Perhaps the way is long and arduous. I do not know how far I can go. The way may even be dark. I have to grope my way with the help of the light of my faith. Yes, I trust that since the questions are there, the answers should be there too."

King Siddhodhana patted the prince on the back. "Sit for dinner, my son, and sleep well. Tomorrow we will summon the best of our pundits who would pass their wisdom on to you," assured the indulgent father as he took leave of his pensive son.

Siddhartha remained pensive through his dinner and even afterwards. "My lord, a dozen dancing girls are awaiting your attention. They will dance right in front of your bedroom. You can go to sleep, whenever you please, in the course of enjoying their dance," said Princess Yasodhara.

"Let them wait," said the prince absentmindedly and he climbed to the terrace. Princess Yasodhara wished to follow him and talk to him in solitude, but inside her room the infant prince wept and she had to go over to him.

It was midnight when Prince

Siddhartha descended from the terrace. The dancing girls lay scattered before his room. Waiting for him, they had fallen asleep. How charmingly they smiled and talked when awake! How harmoniously they moved their limbs then! But, under the spell of sleep, they were bereft of that charm and that gaiety. They inspired pity in the prince's mind. How thin is the screen between wakefulness and sleep! Yet it made so much difference! Similarly, how thin is the screen between life and death! How much drama men make in life, only to fall haplessly silent the next moment!

The prince entered his bedroom. The bejewelled lamp showed the face of Princess Yasodhara, glorious with love and affection, for she held the child close to her breast. She too, of

course, had fallen asleep.

Prince Siddhartha stood there for a while, gazing at the mother and the child. Slowly he turned and went out of the room. Then with fast and steady steps he approached Channa's apartment in a corner of the palace - complex. The faithful charioteer was expecting him. He had kept his doors open.

"Come, my friend, let us go," the prince said in a subdued voice.

"At this hour of the night, my master? May I know where you propose to go?" humbly asked Channa.

"You will know as much as I know. But, believe me, I do not know very much myself. At the moment do as I say. Take out our chariot."

—To continue



THE HAPPIEST MAN

Once upon a time there was a king named Bhanu Dev who loved jewels of different kinds and was never tired of collecting as many as he could. He was very happy to show his collection to other princes, noblemen and wealthy merchants.

One day King Bhanu Dev heard that a certain traveller was in possession of a large diamond. He wanted to sell it. The king sent two of his courtiers to contact the

traveller who camped in a tavern. The traveller demanded ten lakh rupees for the diamond. The courtiers bargained with him, but he was not willing to part with it for any lesser price.

The courtiers reported the matter to the king and told him confidentially, "Your Majesty, a price of ten lakh rupees is not quite high for the kind of diamond the traveller offers. It is a rare thing indeed!"



The two courtiers were experts on jewellery. So, the king asked them to buy it. But, by the time they met the traveller again, the diamond had already changed hands. A merchant from another kingdom, who happened to pass through the city, had bought it.

The king became very sad. He sent two young noblemen on horseback in search of the merchant. "Buy the diamond from him at any cost! Give him double the price he has paid if he so demands!" instructed the king.

But after five days the noblemen were back to report to him that the merchant had

already sold the diamond to another king!

King Bhanu Dev was so upset that he lost his peace of mind. As luck would have it, one of his precious boxes of jewels was stolen from the queen's apartment. That was a shock unbearable for the king. He took to bed.

His condition grew worse day by day. Physicians failed to cure him. Six months passed and King Bhanu Dev looked like his own ghost.

The queen had great faith in a hermit who was a well-wisher of her father. She sent her son to the



hermit, requesting him to visit the palace. The hermit came and saw the bedridden king. He sat by his side and meditated for long. Then he declared to the anxious queen and ministers, "The king will be cured only if the happiest man lends his diamond ring to him for a week.

At once search began for the happiest man. The ministers themselves went out in different directions to locate such a man. They took six months to locate him, but reported to the hermit that the man did not have a diamond ring.

"Bring his gold ring," said the hermit.

"He does not have a gold ring either," reported the ministers.

"Then bring his shawl."
The ministers hurried away but

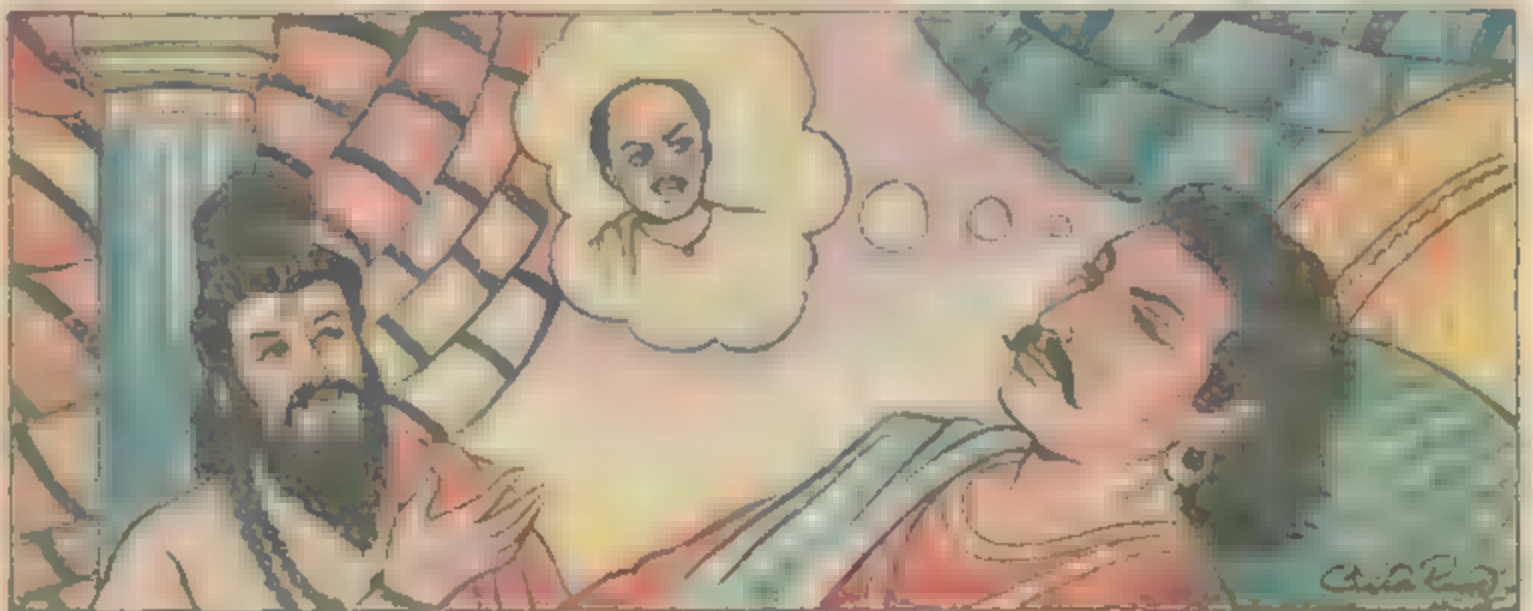
came back to report that he did not have a shawl.

"All right, bring one of his shirts."

The ministers reported the next day that the man had never had a shirt. In fact, he was a poor labourer who worked hard for a living and lived on whatever he earned every day. He was always contented. He always smiled.

"I see, so the happiest man has no diamond, no gold, no shawl, no shirt!" observed the hermit.

The king heard it. In silence he understood what a fool he was to have pledged his happiness to some outward things. He realised that happiness was an inner quality and he could have retained it even when he had lost some jewels. Slowly his condition improved. No longer did he run after false causes of happiness.





STRENGTH OF A MAN

In days gone by there was a boy named Raghunath in our village. In fact, he grew up in the town, in the house of his maternal uncle and came back to our village, his birthplace, when he was a young man.

His maternal uncle held an important position in the King's court. Raghunath was a pampered child. He became bookish. He was rude to others. But nobody took him to task because of his uncle's position in the society. Not that Raghu was a bad boy, but he had not been brought up in the right way. He had not been taught how to conduct himself, how to behave.

Time does not run in the same way forever. His maternal uncle died all on a sudden. The aunt closed down her establishment in the town and went back to her village with her children.

Raghunath returned to our village. His father was no more. His mother hoped that he will look after the small property they had so that they can maintain themselves reasonably well. But all Raghunath did was to pass his time whistling and humming or sometimes playing cards with the village boys who had nothing else to do. If ever he spoke to his mother, it was to find out whether she had finished cooking or not.

One day his mother told him, "The landlord, who is also the village-chief, wishes to talk to you. He is a noble-hearted man. Listen to him with due respect."

Raghunath was not very keen to meet the landlord, but he went to him at his mother's bidding. The landlord spoke to him softly, "Raghu, I understand that you are not interested in working on your landed property. Well, I have



some work for you. It is not very difficult. All you have to do is look after my old father and give him company. You know how busy I keep, looking after my estates. My daughters are married and are away. My son is continuing his studies in Kashi. My wife is busy with the household chores. That is why I would like you to be with my father. I will be happy to pay you a hundred rupees a month for your service."

A hundred rupees a month was a good deal of money in those days. But our Raghunath considered himself too big even for that. He smiled scoffingly and said, "Sir, I regret that I had not

been able to take care of my own father in his old age. Do I have time for your father?" He then saluted the landlord and left the place abruptly.

Two or three days after this, the village teacher told him, "My boy, you are one of the very few men in our village who knows how to read and write. You see, I will like to go on a pilgrimage for a month. Will you mind looking after my pupils in my absence?"

"Revered sir, why do people go on pilgrimages? In order to earn piety for themselves. So far as you are concerned, you are doing a holy work by educating the village children. What greater gain will any pilgrimage be to you?" asked Raghunath and he slipped away before the teacher had a chance to say anything more to him.

A month passed. One day his mother told him, "My son, it is not good from any point of view to idle away your time. As long as I am alive, I will do everything possible to keep you in comfort. But what after me. How can you maintain yourself unless you earn? What about your marriage? If you have to take care of your wife and your children, you have to work! My son, I cannot sleep,

worrying over the situation."

"Is that so? Please stop worrying. We have a cart and pair of bullocks. Well, I will bring some goods from the town and open a shop in the village," said Raghunath.

"Do so, my son, if you don't wish to serve under anybody," said the fond mother.

She gave some money to Raghunath who started for the town the very next day.

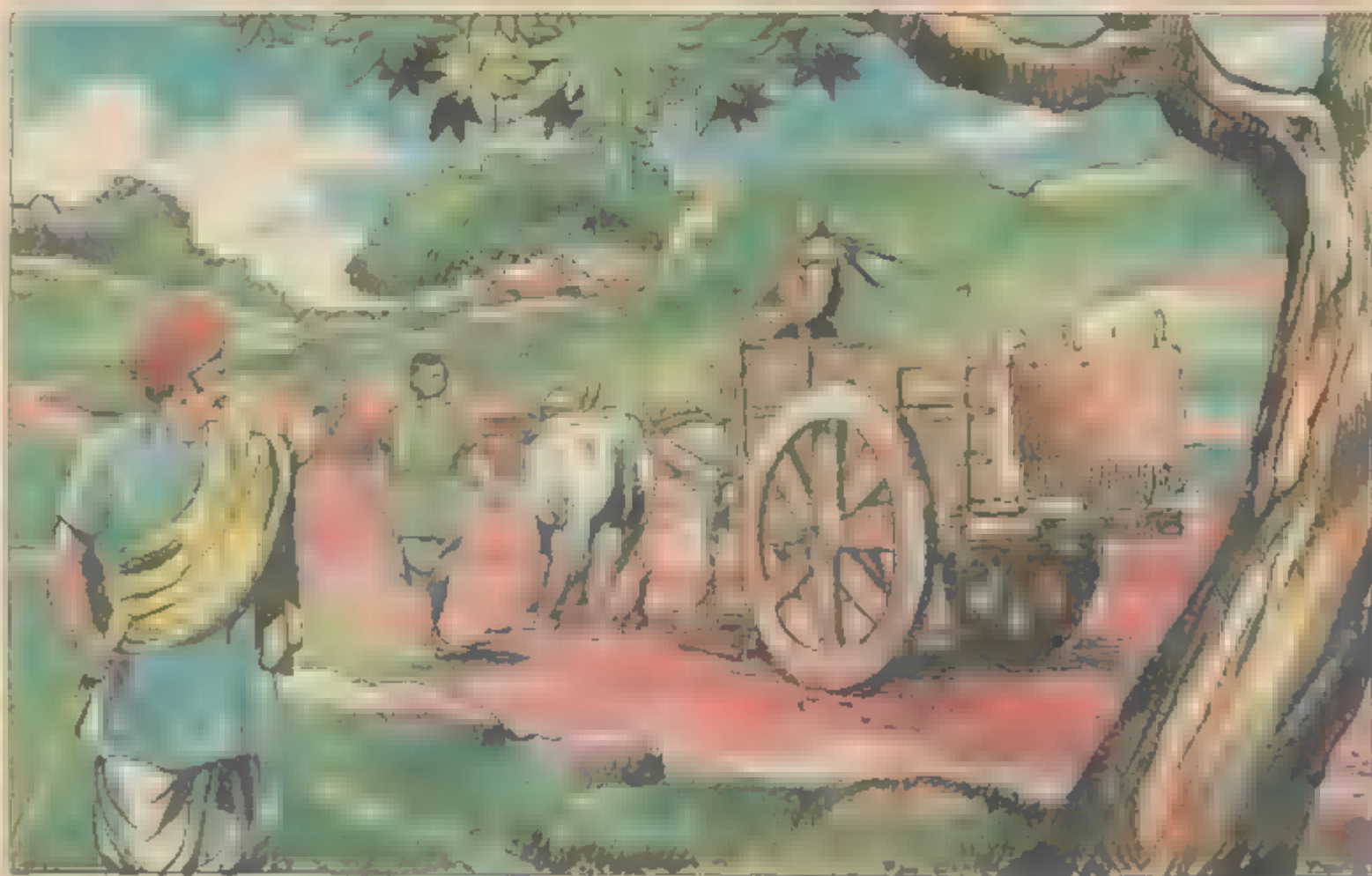
As he drove along, he saw the chief of the village Mangalpur through which he must pass, talking to a very strong and stout man, standing in the middle of the road. Raghunath knew the

village chief, though he did not know Raghunath.

The village chief took leave of his companion and began crossing the meadow. But the companion kept standing in the middle of the road and speaking to him loudly.

"Get off the road," Raghunath shouted at the man. "Are you deaf? Or, are you a fool?" he added.

"What did you say? I am either deaf or a fool, is that so? Let us see!" rejoined the stranger menacingly. Then he dragged Raghunath from his cart down to the street and himself got into it and began driving it.





Raghunath ran parallel to his cart, shouting, "What is this? How can you take away my cart?"

"This is no longer your cart. This is mine!" rebuffed the stranger.

"Sir, do you see what this man is doing to me?" Raghunath complained loudly, looking at the village-chief.

"Yes, I see. You insulted him. He is taking it out on you. What can I do? If you think that he is being unfair to you, you can complain to the chief of your village. We will sit down and judge the case," said the village-chief and he went away.

Raghunath walked and entered Mangalpur. Fortunately he met a

villager who was known to him. The villager told him, "I can guess who the stranger is. He is Bhim Singh, the wrestler. Everybody fears him. Nobody will raise his voice against him."

"Is the village-chief also afraid of him?" asked Raghunath.

"The village-chief is not afraid of him, but is indulgent towards him. It is because although Bhim Singh is a rowdy, he is quite polite to the elders! But you can complain to your village chief. After all, what Bhim Singh has done is unjust," advised the villager.

Raghunath returned to his own village. He did not know what to do. The chief of our village was the landlord. Raghunath had been rude to him. How can he approach him now?

As he entered the village, he met the teacher. "Raghu, my son!" exclaimed the teacher. "You changed the very philosophy of my life. Indeed, what is there more holy than imparting lessons to children? I have given up the plan of going on a pilgrimage. I will rather be more sincere in my work. God will take care of my destiny."

"Sir, should you really decide to go on a pilgrimage, I will look after your pupils," said

Raghunath.

"How nice of you, my boy! I will think about it!" said the teacher, happily.

Raghunath then met the landlord and said, "Sir I am willing to take up the work you assign to me!"

"It is sweet of you to say so. Raghu. But you woke me up to my duty. You regret because you were unable to look after your father in his old age. Why should I also regret for the same reason? I decided to look after my father myself and I derive much joy out of my service to him," said the landlord.

Raghunath felt ashamed that

while he had been unkind to the teacher and the landlord, both had taken his words in a different sense and both spoke to him kindly.

Raghunath then told the landlord what Bhim Singh had done to him.

"He is a bully. But go and bring your cart along. Come and report to me if he stops you forcibly," said the landlord.

Raghunath proceeded to Mangalpur and located Bhim Singh's house. His cart was there. He took hold of it and began driving it towards the road.

"How dare you take away the cart?" demanded Bhim Singh.





"That is the question I ought to ask you: how dare you detain my cart? Are you sure that you can do anything you like because of your muscle power? The chief of my village asked me to take my cart back. You can forcibly stop me, if you so like!" said Raghunath.

But Blim Singh did nothing of the kind. Raghunath returned to

his village with his cart and reported it to the landlord.

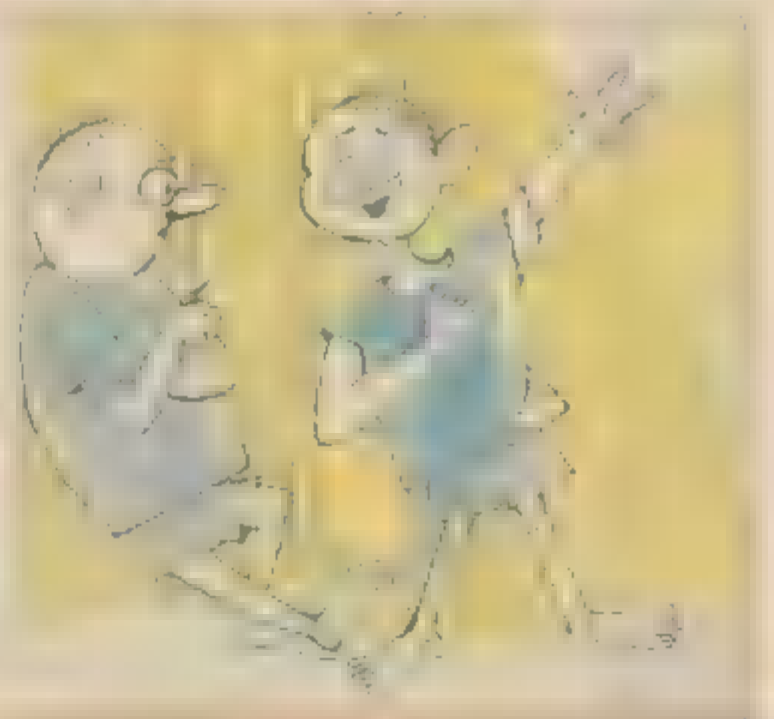
He went to the town next day and bought some goods. He opened a shop in the village. He was courteous and gentle. People liked him and patronised him. He had realised that the support and affection of the people were far greater strength than one's muscle power.

THE HAPPY JUDGMENT

Prisoner No. 1: When the judge read out his judgment sentencing me to prison for the rest of my life. I felt so happy!

Prisoner No. 2: What then makes you drawn such a heavy face?

Prisoner No. 1: But here they make me work! Where is the rest of my life? Rest and hard labour cannot go together.





THE ACTOR AND THE FLATTERER

King Ratan Dev of Shivagiri was a good ruler and a generous man, but he suffered from one weakness. He was very happy when somebody flattered him.

We do not know about others, but the Kotwal of the city, Virbhadra, took full advantage of his weakness. He flattered the king whenever there was an opportunity to do so. The king was very happy with him.

The people of the city — the businessmen and officials in particular — feared Virbhadra because he enjoyed the king's favour. He had taken on credit jewellery worth rupees ten thousand from a leading city jeweller on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, but never paid him. The jeweller could not muster the courage to complain against him to the king. If Virbhadra owed the

grocer five hundred rupees, he paid him only two hundred and the grocer had to keep mum.

Virbhadra also obliged the candidates for different posts in his department to pay him heavy bribes. What was worse, he was in collusion with a notorious bandit. That is why the bandit and the members of his gang moved about free and fearless.

The only man who knew everything about the Kotwal was the minister. But he too kept quiet for the time being.

There used to be a week-long programme of drama in the capital every year. King Ratan Dev and his queen sat amidst the nobility and witnessed the entire programme.

The Kotwal was a good actor and he acted the role of a king in a certain play. After the performance was over, King Ratan Dev

congratulated him and asked, "How could you make the king's character so real?"

"My lord!" replied the Kotwal, "It is because I have been lucky enough to observe your Highness from close quarters, because I have loved and revered your Highness deeply!"

That pleased King Ratan Dev very much. He took off his pearl necklace and gave it to the flatterer. The minister who was present there felt disgusted, but did not say anything then.

It so happened that the Kotwal appeared in the role of a bandit in another play. Again, he acted very well. At the end of the play the king jokingly observed, "Well, my Kotwal, how did you do so well in the role of a bandit?"

The Kotwal felt embarrassed.

Suddenly spoke out the minister, "Following his own explanation on an earlier occasion, we can certainly conclude that he loves and reveres a bandit and that is how he could enact the role of a bandit so well!"

The Kotwal gave a start. For a moment his eyes betrayed panic and his face looked pale. Of course, he managed to smile soon, but the king grew suspicious. Back at the palace, the king asked his minister whether his comment was a mere joke or it had any truth in it. The minister told him all about the Kotwal's villainy.

Early in the morning the Kotwal was arrested. Investigation revealed the true character of the flatterer. The king understood that all flattery had bad motives behind them.





THE MIRACLE WITH EARTH

Shankardas was a hard-working man. He had built up a farm which yielded a variety of fruits. Traders bought them from him and carried them to the town to sell them. Shankardas prospered well.

But his son, Prabhudas, who had studied in the town, returned home with strange fancies. He had come in contact with a man who claimed to be a wizard. He had offered to teach Prabhudas the science of changing handfuls of earth into gold coins. Prabhudas had been so much taken up by the idea that he was giving away to him the major part of the money he was receiving from his home.

But Shankardas died all on a sudden. Prabhudas was obliged to return home. He promised his guide, the wizard, that he would soon be back in the town. "I have

collected all the items we need for the alchemy. Only one more item is to be collected and then you can have as many gold coins as you like," the wizard had assured him. He had collected a monkey's paw, a tiger's tail, some rare oil and a few other items. "Only one more item remains to be gathered," the wizard had added. Prabhudas had brought home the items collected by the wizard. After the funeral rites of his father, he went to the town to collect the last item. But to his shock, he found out that meanwhile the wizard too had died.

He returned home a frustrated man. "Only one item more and I could have owned as much gold coins as I wish! But what is that item?" he murmured to himself. He looked depressed.

His mother tried to divert his attention to farming or some



other activities, but failed. The dream of changing earth into gold coins never left him. He did nothing except wander from scholar to scholar, from magician to magician, from priest to priest, asking them about the missing knowledge in the formula.

His mother thought that marriage might cure Prabhudas of his absurd fancy. She performed his marriage with Sushila, a fine girl from the neighbouring village. Months passed after the marriage. But there was no change in Prabhudas's mood. He took no care of his family, no care of his father's farm.

One day Sushila's father asked

him, "My son, what is it that keeps you so pensive?"

"Sir, I have nothing to hide from you. I paid heavily to a wizard and he collected for me all the items necessary to change handfuls of earth into gold coins. Only one item more was to be collected when he died. The pity is, I don't know what that item is. Only if I knew, I would collect that and complete the list. Then I know what to do. He had taught the ritual to me," said Prabhudas.

"My son, good you told me. In fact, I know the full formula myself. I cannot practise it because there is a curse on me. If you tell me the items you have already collected I can tell you what the missing item is," said his father-in-law.

Prabhudas was delighted. He told him the items he had gathered. His father-in-law surveyed them and then said, "Good. The rare items are already with you. The one that is missing is very common. You have to gather a sackful of white fluff which is to be found under the banana leaves."

Prabhudas jumped with joy. That very day he went to the market to buy banana leaves and he bought a thousand leaves! But

very little fluff could be collected from them, because the sellers had cleaned some of the leaves and the fluff had fallen off the rest.

"My son, you cannot gather the necessary quantity of fluff at this rate. The best way is to raise banana leaves in your own farm," said his father-in-law.

The plan appealed to Prabhudas. He raised a prolific crop of banana. His attention was on the fluff. His mother and his wife, of course, were keen to see that the plants produced quality banana. At the end of the year Prabhudas had been able to obtain fluff sufficient to fill one-third of the sack his father-in-law had set in a room in his farmhouse.

But such was his eagerness to achieve the miracle that he did not give up. Two more years and the

sack was full!

"Sir, the time has come for the miracle!" he confided to his father-in-law, suppressing his excitement.

"My son, the miracle has already been performed," said his father-in-law. He led Prabhudas into a dark room and lighted a lamp. Lo and behold, in a corner of the room was seen a heap of gold coins.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Prabhudas. "Is this from the earth?"

"Yes, my son, straight from the earth. The good earth gave the bananas. Your mother and your wife sold them and changed the ordinary coins into gold ones. That is all," explained the father-in-law.

Prabhudas looked on amazed. He realised that this indeed was the true miracle!



FLYING FISH



FLYING FISH DO NOT ACTUALLY FLY, BUT BY SPREADING THEIR PECTORAL FINS THEY ARE ABLE TO GLIDE FOR CONSIDERABLE DISTANCES FOR AS LONG AS 12 TO 14 SECONDS. THEY TAKE OFF BY WHIPPING THEIR TAILS BACK AND FORTH TO GENERATE SPEED.

TALLEST TREES



THE WORLD'S TALLEST SPECIES OF TREE IS THE COAST REDWOOD (*SEQUOIA SEMPER VIRENS*) OF CALIFORNIA. THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO REACH A HEIGHT OF 367.8 FT (112.10 M).

LONGEST LIVED

TORTOISES ARE THE LONGEST LIVED OF ALL VERTEBRATES. THERE HAVE BEEN CLAIMS OF TORTOISES LIVING TO OVER 160 YEARS, BUT THE PROVEN RECORD IS 116 PLUS YEARS.



TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE
MONTH FROM INDIAN HISTORY



SRI CHAITANYA

Sri Chaitanya Dev, also known as Sri Gauranga, was born in February, 1486, at Nabadwip in Bengal. He proved himself a brilliant scholar, but at the age of twentyfour he left home and became an ascetic. Although he travelled to Vrindavan and some other places, inspiring in the hearts of thousands of people love and devotion for Krishna, he spent most of his time in Puri, the sacred seat of Lord Jagannath. He did not believe in religious and caste differences. All who came in touch with him were charmed. Ruffians grew humble and cynics became devotees. King Prataprudra Dev of Orissa was a great admirer of this saint.

Giving Vaishnavism or the discipline for realising Vishnu a great boost, he mysteriously disappeared at the age of 48

WHO IS HE?

Some boys were bathing and swimming in the river. It was a fine summer day. The water was cool and the current was tender and pleasant.

Suddenly there was a splash on the water. The boys saw the tail of a crocodile. Next moment one of them cried out, "The crocodile has caught me by the leg!"

Two boys who were on the river-bank ran to the boy's mother and reported the matter to her. The panicky mother came rushing to the spot.

"Mother, the only way to save me from death is to offer me to God! Will you do it?" asked the boy.

"I offer you to God, my son! Let Him protect you!" cried out the mother.

The crocodile left the boy and swum away.

Who was this boy?

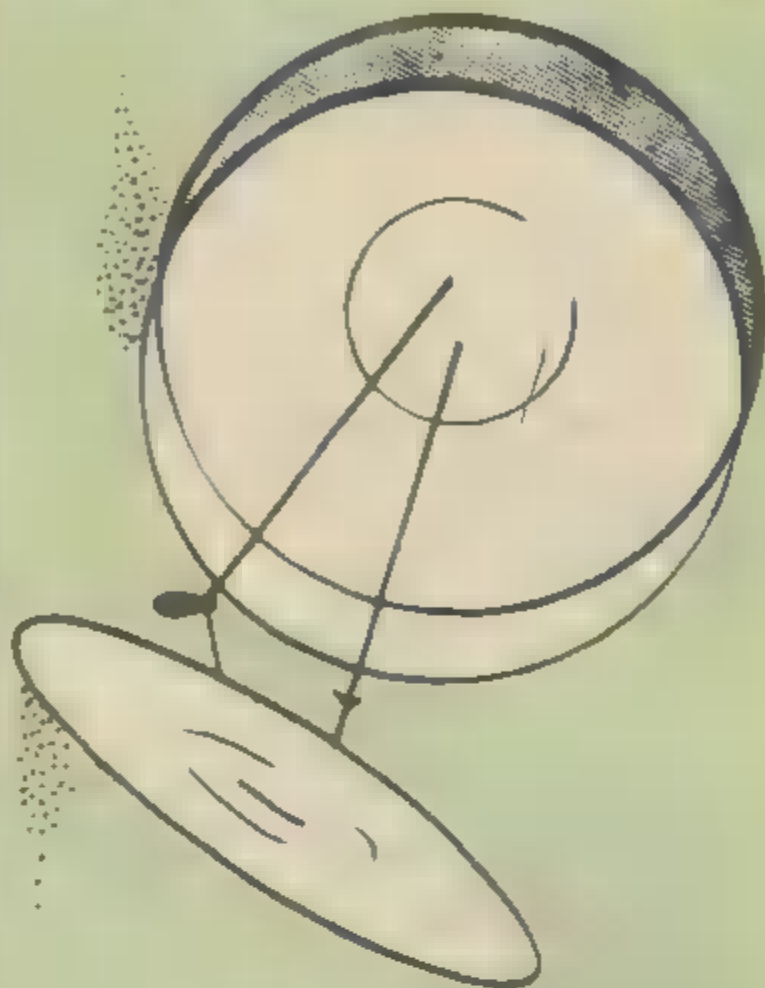
SEE PAGE VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE

Directions:

Find a large can with a tight fitting lid and punch two holes near the center of the bottom and the lid of the can. Then cut a long, strong rubber band that it is one long piece, and thread through the holes in the bottom of the can and the lid before the ends are tied together.

Before tying together, pass one strand through a heavy metal nut or a fishing sinker so that a weight hangs from one of the strands inside the can (see illustration). The weight should not drag when the can is rolled. Then, with the lid on and the weight hanging from one strand inside the can, roll gently along the floor.



MYSTERY CAN



What happens and why:

The can rolls a short distance, stops, and then rolls back. This happens because the weight that is hanging on the one strand causes it to wind around the other. After stopping, the weight exerts a downward force to unwind the strands which causes the can to roll back.

A "mystery can" can be bewildering to someone who doesn't understand what is happening. Why not demonstrate this to a friend?

Can you turn the can over and over in your hands to wind the strands before you set the can down so that the can will roll away from you? Try it!

Will a light-weight, round, paper, oatmeal-box work even better? It should, since less weight would be needed to cause the can to roll!

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

Statue of Zeus

In the 5th century B.C. Greece experienced a golden age. Pericles, the great statesman, was in power at that time.

The greatest sculptor of Greece lived during this time and his name was Phidias. The first great work of Phidias was a statue of Goddess Athena, made with ivory and gold, about 40 feet high. This statue adorned the famous tem-

ple, Parthenon, which stood on a hill at the centre of the city of Athens.

The next and the greatest work of Phidias was the gold and ivory statue of Zeus, made to adorn the temple at Olympia. The statue was seven times larger than a well-built human being. It was a highly impressive figure and the ancients considered it one of the seven wonders of the world.



GREAT EVENTS OF THE WORLD

DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE

Three hundred years before Christ a race of people living in the coastal area of Syria, known as the Phoenicians, built a magnificent city. It was famous as Carthage. It was a great centre of trade and commerce.

Almost facing it, though far from it, grew the city of Rome. They became rivals. Soon they were engaged in battles, known in history as the Punic Wars.

In the first Punic War Carthage was defeated. After recovering a little, it sent an army headed by a ruthless general. His name was Hannibal. He defeated the Romans and after that massacred ninety thousand men and women in cold blood. For sometime he lived there like a dictator who breathed death.

The Carthagenians at home stopped sending him money and

other means of survival after a while. He returned home, hoping that he will be honoured as a great hero. Whatever be the reason, his



hope was not fulfilled. In disgust he committed suicide.

Rome was busy rebuilding itself. Soon emerged a general named Cipio. He led an army to Carthage and lay siege to it. The city was totally cut off from the rest of the world. The citizens went without food for days. Then Cipio entered the city and massacred six and a half lakhs of people out of seven lakhs. The surviving ones were led to Rome

as slaves.

Then the Romans destroyed the city. It was such a thorough destruction that not a single building, not a single pillar, not a single wall stood. They drove their ploughs over the ruins of the city.

This is the first destruction of such scale in history worked out by man. This is also an example of one act of violence leading to another.



LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST

1. What is the meaning of the term Karnataka?
2. The capital of which country outside India assumed the name Ayodhya?
3. Which city came into being around a fort?
(A) What is the name of that fort?
(B) Who began building it and when?
(C) Who gave him the land?
4. What is the name of the Fort built by the English in Calcutta? When was it built?
5. Which Mughal Emperor had been taken captive by his general?
(A) Who was the general?
(B) How was the emperor released?
6. From which Christian year is Vikram Era counted?
7. From which Christian year is Saka Era counted?
8. From which Christian Year is Gupta Era counted?

SEE PAGE VIII

THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. Which European became a high official in the court of a Chinese emperor?
(a) Who was the emperor?
(b) How the European's adventures became known?
(c) Which other two Europeans were with this man?
2. Who was the European to explore the sources of the Brahmaputra, the Indus and the Sutlej rivers?
3. Which creatures made paper-like stuff thousands of years before man?
4. Which creature can turn its stomach inside out?
5. Will an ice cube, when melted in a glass of water, raise the level of the water?
6. Who made the first model of an aircraft?
7. When was the first photograph of the Moon taken?

SEE PAGE VIII



1. Who were nine geniuses in the court of King Vikramaditya?
2. Who are Nayanmars?
3. Who are Alwars?
4. What are the earliest books of India?
 - (a) How many of them are there?
 - (b) Who composed them?
 - (c) Who compiled them?
 - (d) What is the other name of the Vedas?
 - (e) Why is it so named?
5. What comes after the Vedas?
 - (a) How many of them are there?
 - (b) How many of them are most important?

SEE PAGE VIII

**LET US LEARN A WORD IN
ALL INDIAN LANGUAGES
= EVENING =**

Assamese: *Sandhia*; Bengali: *Sandhya*; English: *Evening*; Gujarati: *Sanj*; Hindi: *Sham*; Kannada: *Sanje*; Kashmiri: *Sham*; Malayalam: *Baikunneram*; Marathi: *Sandhyakal*; Oriya: *Sandhya*; Punjabi: *Lotabela*; Sanskrit: *Sandhya*; Sindhi: *Sham*; Tamil: *Malai*; Telugu: *Sayamkalam*; Urdu: *Sham*.

DO YOU BELIEVE ?

- * That Julius Caesar was a Roman emperor?
- * That the sky is blue?
- * That Hindus are a majority only in India?

OH, NO!

- ★ Despite his desire, he never managed to win the title 'Emperor'.
- ★ The sky has no colour. It looks blue because of the effect of the Earth's atmosphere on the sunlight passing through it.
- ★ No, they are a majority in Nepal too.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Adi Sankaracharya

INDIA'S PAST

1. Karnataka, derived from *Karunadu*, means the lofty land.
2. Thailand's Capital.
3. The modern city of Madras.
 - (a) Fort St. George.
 - (b) Francis Day of East India Company, in 1640.
 - (c) The Raja of Chandragiri.
4. Fort William, built during 1696-1715.
5. Emperor Jahangir.
 - (a) Mahabat Khan.
 - (b) By the skill of Empress Nur Jahan.
6. From 58 B.C.
7. A.D. 78
8. A.D. 319-20.

THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. Marco Polo.
 - (a) Kubla Khan
 - (b) On his return to Italy, Marco Polo got involved in a battle and was taken prisoner. Inside the prison he dictated his memoirs.
 - (c) Nicolo Polo, his father, and Maffeo Polo, his uncle.
2. Sven Anders Hedin (1865-1952)
3. Wasps.
4. The star-fish.
5. No.
6. Leonardo da Vinci.
7. In 1841.

LITERATURE AND MYTHOLOGY

1. Kalidasa, Vetalaabhatta, Ghatakarpura, Varahamihira, Kshapanaka, Amarasimha, Vararuchi, Shanku and Dhanvantari.
2. Saivite saints of ancient Tamil land.
3. The Vaishnava Saints of the ancient Tamil land.
4. The Vedas.
 - (a) Four
 - (b) Several sages of yore
 - (c) Veda Vyasa
 - (d) *Smriti*
 - (e) Because it was not written but remembered by generations of scholars. (*Smriti* means what is 'heard')
5. The Upanishads.
 - (a) One hundred and eight.
 - (b) Sixteen.

CROSS-COUNTRY INTERNATIONAL

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY RACE TOOK PLACE OUTSIDE PARIS IN MARCH 1898. THE DISTANCE WAS 18 MILES 18 YDS (14.5 KM). ENGLAND TOOK THE FIRST EIGHT PLACES.



The ref's whistle



THE SOCCER REFEREE'S WHISTLE WAS INTRODUCED IN 1878. PRIOR TO THIS HE HAD TO RELY ON WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF.

AMERICAN rugby



AN AMERICAN RUGBY TEAM WON A GOLD MEDAL BY DEFEATING FRANCE 8-NIL AT THE 1924 OLYMPICS AT ANTWERP. FOUR YEARS LATER THE AMERICANS WON AGAIN IN PARIS.

SWALLOWED BY A SHARK

Long long ago there was a poor man named Ankasa who suddenly discovered a gold mine and grew rich. In fact he grew so rich that he hired a thousand hands and built a city for himself in a wide valley. He became the monarch over the city. He and his wife lived happily. They became the parents of a boy and a girl, named Karmah (Action) and Puspa Nila (the Blue Flower) respectively.

There was a duke on the other

side of the hills who heard about the sudden prosperity of the stranger and became envious of him. He sent his wicked minister to Ankasa in the disguise of an astrologer. The minister pretended to study the horoscopes of Karmah and Puspa and said to Ankasa, "These children will bring back your lost luck—be that good luck or bad luck". He departed without explaining.

Ankasa was shocked. If what he had is to be brought back, it



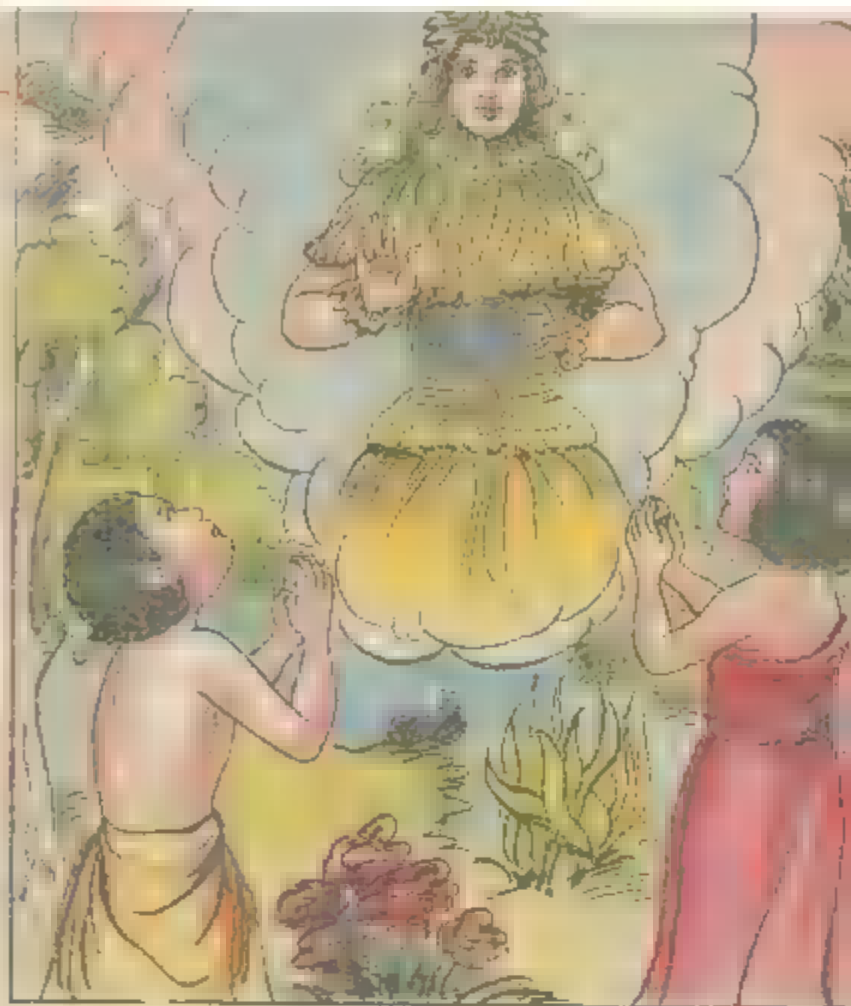
could only be bad luck, for earlier he had been poor! He must act quickly to protect himself from any such occurrence.

So, what did he do? He sent his two children, while the two were asleep, deep into ■ forest. His servants placed them in a bush and returned home.

The very next day the city he had built went up in flames. Nobody knows how that happened. The people who had settled down in the valley concluded that it was ■ cursed place. They deserted it. Ankasa became poor again. "If I were to be poor in any case, why did I throw away my children?" he cried out with anguish. "It is because you threw away your children, you fool, that the curse befell our city!" said some people who heard his cry.

Ankasa tried to locate the servants who had carried his children into the forest, but the servants, along with the others, had already fled the valley. He ran into the forest himself, but could not find his children.

How could he have found them? The children found themselves, early in the morning, in the wide forest. Instead of feeling depressed, they were happy.



"How kind are these trees which stand like guardians around us!" said the boy. "How wonderful is Nature!" said the girl.

Suddenly ■ luminous, godly figure appeared before them. The brother and sister bowed to him. He said, "I am the God of this forest and I am pleased with your attitude to Nature. I will teach you how to live with the beasts and the birds, the trees and the hills." He took the two children into his castle which was invisible to others and taught them many arts. "But you cannot live in the forest forever. Go back into the locality and live happily," said the God of the forest.

Karmah and Puspa took leave of the god and went out of the forest. But no sooner had they reached a town than they were taken prisoner by the guards. The town was being threatened by the ocean. The chieftain of the town had been told by a wizard that if he threw two children into the ocean, the city will be saved. The citizens were not willing to sacrifice two of their own children. Now they were happy to find two unknown ones. They carried them far into the sea and threw them into the waters.

A large shark was seen swimming towards them. Karmah and Puspa tried their best to swim away, but could not. Suddenly they remembered a hymn taught to them by the God of the forest. They uttered it. Even then the shark swallowed them.

But, lo and behold, they did

not die; they even did not feel that any danger had befallen them. The shark swam on until it reached a distant shore. He spewed Karmah and Puspa on the land.

Just then the young prince and the princess were enjoying a stroll on the shore. They were surprised and delighted to find Karmah and Puspa springing up before them—coming right out of a shark's mouth!

The prince and the princess led them to their palace and listened to their amazing story. In due course of time the prince married Puspa and the princess married Karmah.

"It is our friendship with Nature that saved us and brought us happiness," Karmah and Puspa told each other.





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM AND
THE VAMPIRE

THE BRAVE AND THE COWARD

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I don't know why you have undertaken this risky work at this hour of the night. Maybe, you have promised something to someone and that is why you are taking such pains. But know that sometimes even heroic people do not abide by the promises they might have made. Let me explain my point with an example. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In days of yore the kingdom of Vajrapur was ruled by King Simha Bhupal.



He had only one child, a daughter. Her name was Madhumati.

Madhumati was beautiful as well as intelligent and good-natured. Naturally, several princes sent forth their proposals to marry her. Many of them were surely lured by the prospect of ascending the throne of Vajrapur after King Simha Bhupal's death.

But the king did not entertain any such proposals. He told his courtiers and ministers, "I don't mind if the one to marry my daughter does not hail from any royal family. I want to have a brave and noble young man for my son-in-law."

The chief minister of the king,

Bhim Verma, was a clever and cunning fellow. He had a son named Chandra Verma. He called his son and asked him in privacy, "I hope you have heard the king's decision. Don't you desire to marry the princess?"

Chandra Verma stood silent, his head hung. Said his father again, "Listen, my son, if you are clever, you can convince the world that you are brave and noble. You can find heads of tigers and panthers and their skins adorning the houses of many of our courtiers. One would think that they had killed these fearful beasts themselves. But the fact is, the courtiers have obtained them from some expert hunters! Do you get my point?"

Chandra Verma was dull-headed. Even then he understood what his father said. He heard that a tiger had turned a man-eater in the southern frontier of the kingdom. He went to that area. To his awe and surprise, he saw a young man carrying a dead tiger. From the local people he had already heard about this young man who was known as Vajratanu or the thunder-bodied. All sang his praise.

Chandra Verma at once fell at his feet and said, "O heroic and

noble young man, be kind enough to present the dead body of the tiger to me! I will never forget your kindness; I will ever remain grateful to you and render all help to you if ever I get a chance to do so."

"What will you do with this?" asked Vajratanu a bit surprised.

"I will like to show this to the king and receive appreciation from him," said Chandra Verma.

Vajratanu threw the carcass down in dismay and went away. Chandra Verma made two villagers carry the carcass for him.

The king was standing in front of his palace when Chandra Verma met him. He drew his attention to the tiger's carcass and said, "My lord, this naughty beast was harassing the villagers in the southern frontiers of our kingdom. I killed it. In fact, I killed it bare-handed!"

"Bravo!" said the king, but he suppressed his laughter when he remembered how, once on a hunting expedition, Chandra Verma was so scared at the sight of a bear that he climbed a tree and kept shivering for a full hour.

"My lord, am I not the bravest man in the land?" Chandra Verma asked impatiently. He expected the king to announce at



once that he was the fittest candidate to marry the princess.

But the king smiled and said, "No doubt, the man who kills a tiger bare-handed is a brave man. But if I call you the bravest man, how would I describe one who, say, would kill a giant?"

That was the time when a giant proved a menace in the forest along the frontier. With great hesitation Chandra Verma rode towards the frontier. He tied his horse to a tree and looked here and there to locate the way to flee in case the giant happened to see him! Needless to say, although he was there spurred by the king's comment, he did not know what to do thereafter.



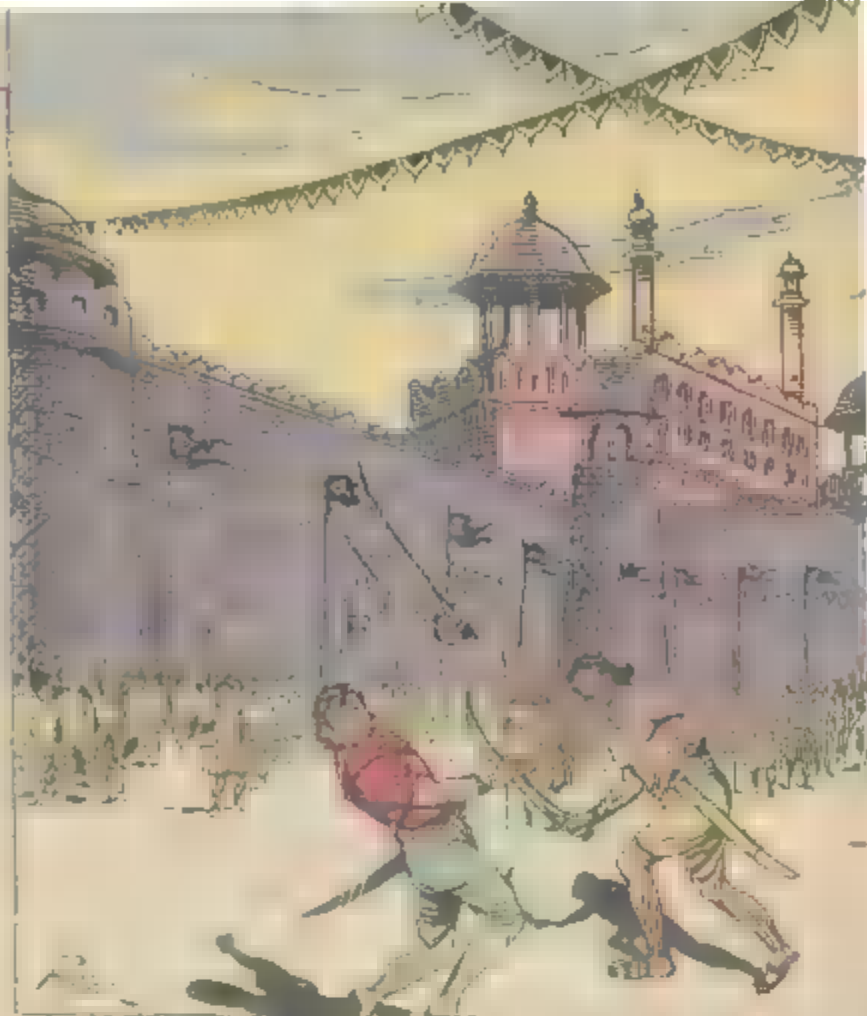
king that it was he who killed the giant, but he was disappointed to see that a number of villagers had already met the king and had spoken to him about Vajratanu's spectacular feat. The king's spies too had brought similar reports. The villagers laughed when their eyes fell on Chandra Verma.

The king sent some of his courtiers to invite Vajratanu to the court. Vajratanu's humility and courage charmed the king and all the other members of the royal family. In the court the king announced his decision to marry the princess to Vajratanu.

But Bhanu Verma, the Chief Minister, stood up and said, "My lord, how to know that Vajratanu was the bravest young man? There should be a competition among all the aspiring and eligible young men to decide who is the bravest among them."

The king accepted the Chief Minister's suggestion. All those who considered themselves brave and strong were welcome to try their strength with Vajratanu. A number of young men arrived on the arena on the appointed day, but none of them dared to challenge Vajratanu after they heard about him and met him.

The king was about to declare



that the time was over when Chandra Verma sprang forward wielding his sword and attacked Vajratanu. Although Vajratanu was not prepared to face an attack of this kind, he unsheathed his sword in the twinkling of an eye and forestalled Chandra Verma's sword with such alacrity that Chandra Verma fell flat on the ground and swooned away. He badly injured himself by the fall.

The event ended. The princess was married to Vajratanu. Vajratanu was made the crown prince.

The vampire paused and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, I have two doubts in my mind. Chandra

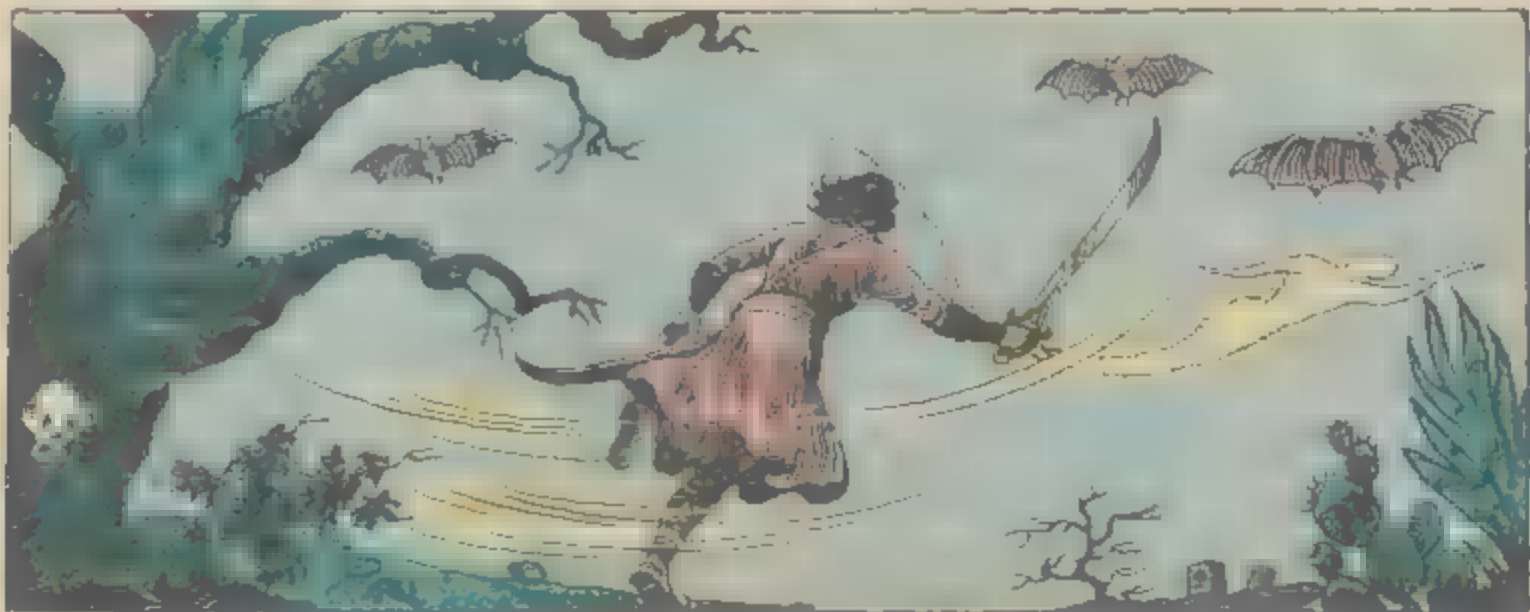
Verma knew that he was no match for Vajratanu. How did he dare to attack him? Vajratanu knew that Chandra Verma was a coward. Vajratanu never used his sword against cowards. How then did he use his sword against Chandra Verma?

Had he not proudly said that his sword was reserved for greater purposes? Had he not refrained from using his sword even against the giant? What happened to that resolution of his? Was Chandra Verma more dangerous than the giant? Answer me, O king, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Chandra Verma was not only a coward, he was also cunning and foolish. He was sure that Vajratanu took him to be a coward.

Since Vajratanu does not use his sword against cowards, he thought that he will kill Vajratanu on the spot. But Vajratanu was not a fool to let the desperate chap kill him at his sweet will. He knew that Chandra Verma wanted to kill him with the intention of marrying the princess and thereby ascending the throne in due course. How safe was the kingdom in the hands of such a coward? A coward and a fool who was prepared to do anything to serve his end, who could fall at his feet at one time and desert him at another time — all for his own interest — was more dangerous for the people than a giant. Hence Vajratanu served a greater purpose by using his sword against Chandra Verma."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





THE BANDIT IDENTIFIED

Ram and Shyam were childhood friends. The two young men decided to seek livelihood in a small town, Kuverpatna, which was not very far from their village.

Ram opened a coconut shop. He arranged with some people in his village to receive a regular supply of the fruit. Shyam became a clerk in a good firm. Both earned reasonably well and lived in rented houses.

One day Shyam met Ram and said, "My brother, you must help me out of a problem."

"What is it?" asked Ram.

"Well, I have just received the news that I have been blessed with a son. I must proceed to meet the child and my wife who are in my father-in-law's house," said Shyam.

"Congratulations, Shyam, but what is your problem? Do you need some money?" asked Ram.

"No, thank you. The problem is my parents are expected to arrive at midnight on their way to some holy places. Who will be in my lodge to receive them? I cannot be back before noon tomorrow," said Shyam.

"Don't you worry, Shyam. It will be my privilege to receive them. I will spend the night in your house. Will that solve your problem?" asked Ram.

"That is just the thing I wanted you to do," said Shyam, highly pleased and he set out for his father-in-law's house.

Ram closed his shop at sundown and went home. He planned to eat an early supper and go over to Shyam's house.

But he found his wife lying in bed. Surprised, he found out that she was down with high fever. He went to a physician who came and examined her and said, "There is

nothing to worry about the fever. At the moment this has become common in the town. She must be given medicines at intervals of two hours throughout the night."

Ram was in a fix. He cannot leave his own house while his wife was sick. Who then would be at Shyam's house? He remembered a young neighbour, Jeewan, a very courteous and jolly young man. He requested him to pass his night at Shyam's house. Jeewan readily agreed to the proposal and took the keys of Shyam's house from Ram.

By morning Ram's wife was much better. Ram hoped that Jeewan will come and report to him about the arrival of Shyam's

parents. But Jeewan did not come till late in the morning. Ram went to Shyam's house to find out what the matter was.

The matter was serious indeed! The doors were open. Peeping in, Ram saw to his horror Jeewan standing tied to a pillar. He had been gagged too. Most of the things in the house lay scattered.

Ram removed the bundle with which Jeewan had been gagged and then untied him. Almost in tears, Jeewan told his fearful experience of the night. A little after midnight he heard a knock on the door. Sure that Shyam's parents had arrived, he opened the door. But the ones to push their way in were two bandits. They tied him



and gagged him and ransacked the house. He did not know what they removed from the house.

Ram stood stunned. How was he going to explain the situation to Shyam? He had promised to guard Shyam's house. Being an experienced man, he would have looked through the window and found out who the callers were. Jeewan cannot be blamed for his action or inaction. But who knew how much Shyam had lost?

Shyam returned early. Ram told him everything. Shyam took stock of things and said, "The bandits have removed nothing except the money I had kept — a thousand rupees."

"Shyam, it is because of my

negligence that you lost your money. Let me make good your loss," proposed Ram.

"Are you mad? How are you at fault? It had to happen like this. That is all!" said Shyam.

Shyam's parents, who had been late, arrived just then. Shyam's father said, "Shyam, my friend, Aditya, has just joined his duty as the police chief of this town. In fact, he met me only two days back. Let us report the matter to him." By then Jeewan had left for his home. Ram, Shyam and Shyam's father went to Aditya, the police chief, and reported the matter to him.

Aditya heard everything with rapt attention. He then asked



Ram, "You untied Jeewan; right? Now, on which side was the knot? Was it behind Jeewan or in front of him?"

"In front of him," replied Ram.

"I see. Were the doors chained outside?"

"No. The doors were ajar."

"Good!" exclaimed Aditya. "At least one of the bandits will be here within an hour. Bring Jeewan here to identify him."

Ram and Shyam were surprised. However, they went and brought Jeewan along. Shyam's father, who was still at the police station, showed a bearded man to Jeewan and said, "The police chief is sure that this is one of the two bandits. Do you recognise him?"

"Yes, of course," said Jeewan enthusiastically. "This is one of the two fellows!"

At once the bearded man

caught hold of Jeewan. He removed his beard. He was none other than Aditya, the police chief. "Very eager to pass on the guilt to someone at the earliest opportunity, eh? Come on, speak out. Where have you kept the money?"

Jeewan stood stunned. Aditya asked his constables to throw him into the lock-up. "We will go and search your house," he told Jeewan.

The young man broke down and confessed to his crime. He returned the money. Aditya said, laughing, "I feel flattered that my first case in the town proved a success for me. But it was a simple case. If bandits would have tied this chap, they would have put the knot at his back. They would have also locked or chained the doors outside. The young man wanted to play safe and that is why removed nothing except cash."



ONLY A FLY



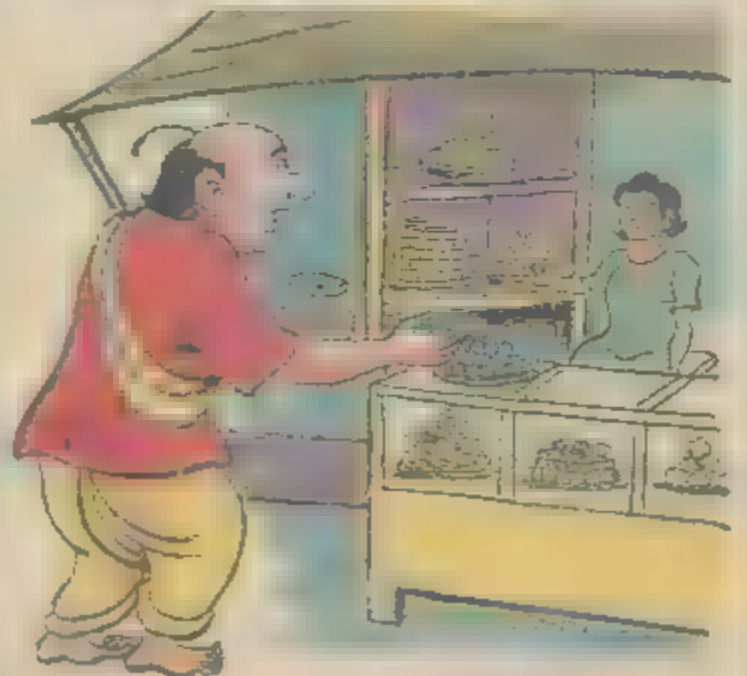
There was a sweetmeat seller who was very wealthy, but an arch-miser. He had a son named Hablu who was rather foolish.

The miser decided to train his son in his business. He made him sit in the shop and went to bathe in the well in his inner courtyard.



Gopal approached the boy and asked for a dozen Rasagollas. The boy putting them in an earthen pot gave them to him. Gopal began eating them.

"Please pay," said the boy. "I don't pay. You can ask your father!" smilingly replied Gopal. "What is your name?" asked the boy. "Fly", replied Gopal.

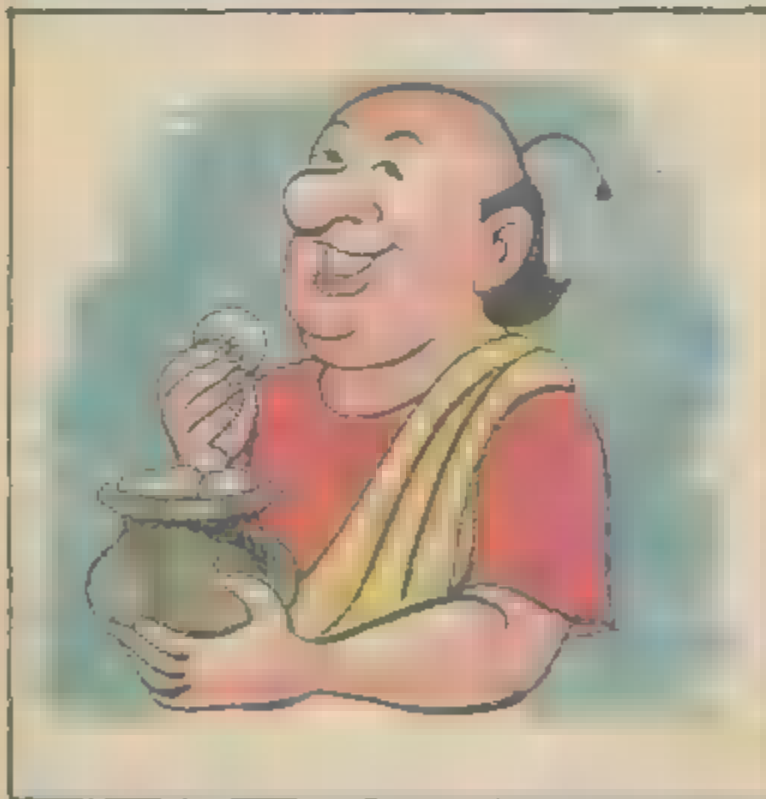


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SAGA OF NEHRU (4)

Many disturbing events took place during 1919. A ship named "Kamagata Maru" that came from Canada was suspected to have brought many revolutionaries. The ship was not allowed to harbour and when it did, the passengers were treated to inhuman torments.

An infamous act, named Rowlatt Act, was passed. By this new law, anybody suspected to be going against the British could be arrested and imprisoned without trial. Freedom of the press could be taken away.

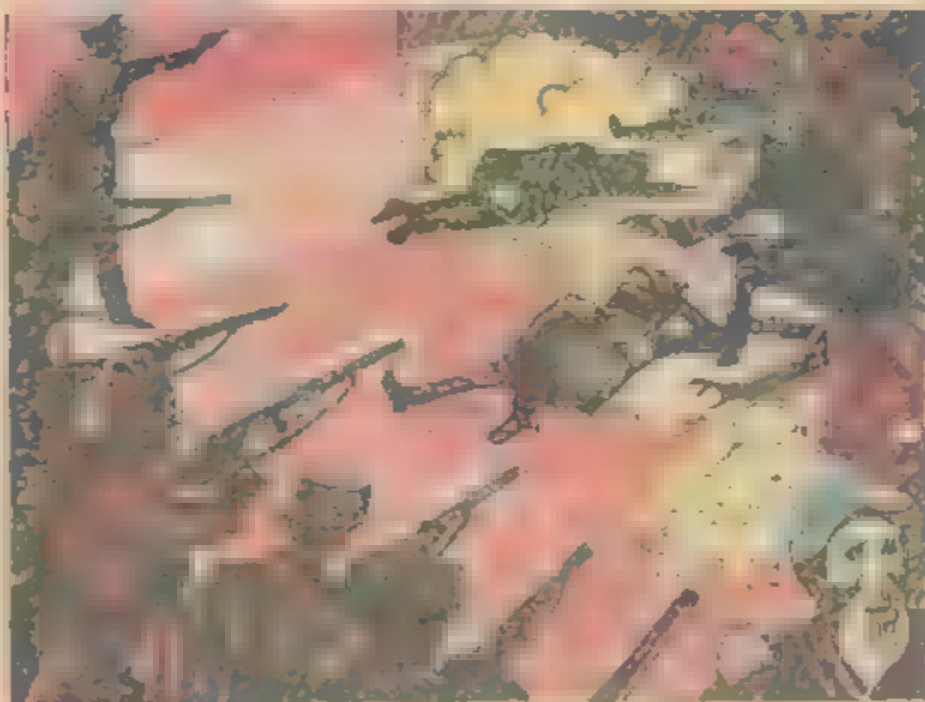


Gandhiji had been sick. But when the Rowlatt bill was passed despite his protest, he took up for the first time the leadership of an all India agitation. He called it the Satyagraha Sabha. Its members were pledged to violate the Rowlatt Act.



Jawaharlal decided to join the Satyagraha Sabha. This meant, he would be arrested. How would his son manage to sleep in jail? — wondered Motilal Nehru. The fond father slept on the floor of the house to see how it felt, for the prisoners slept on the floor!

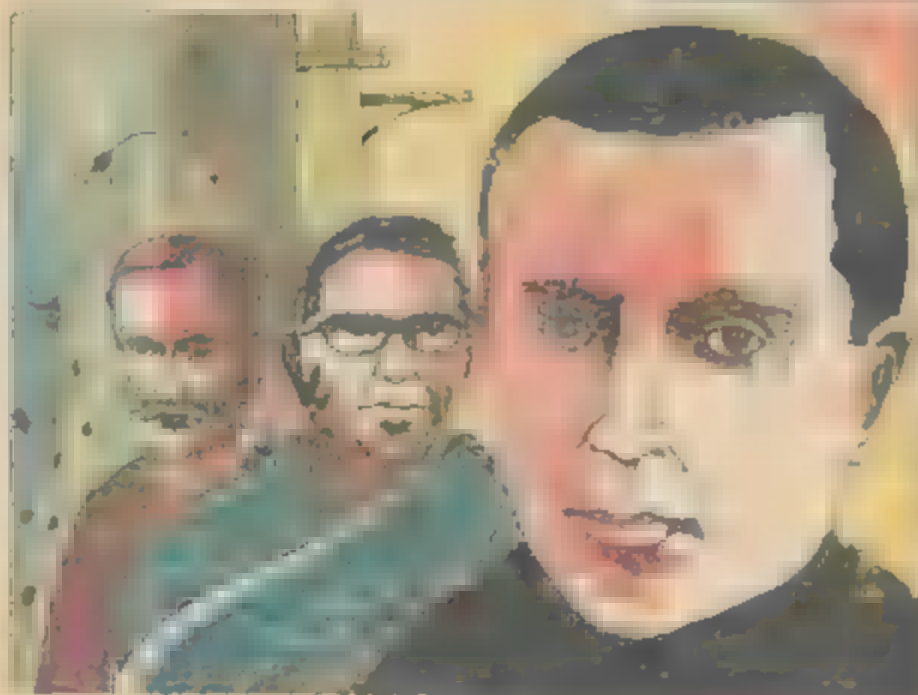
Then took place the horrible massacre at Jallianwala Bagh near Amritsar, while Punjab was under Martial law. A pervert army general named Dyer ordered his soldiers to shoot at a large gathering waiting to hear their leaders. Hundreds of men and women were killed on the spot and thousands were wounded.



To humiliate and terrorise the people Gen. Dyer compelled the citizens to crawl through certain lanes and to salute every Englishman or European they met. Students were made to walk ten to fifteen miles everyday and to stand under the burning sun for hours.



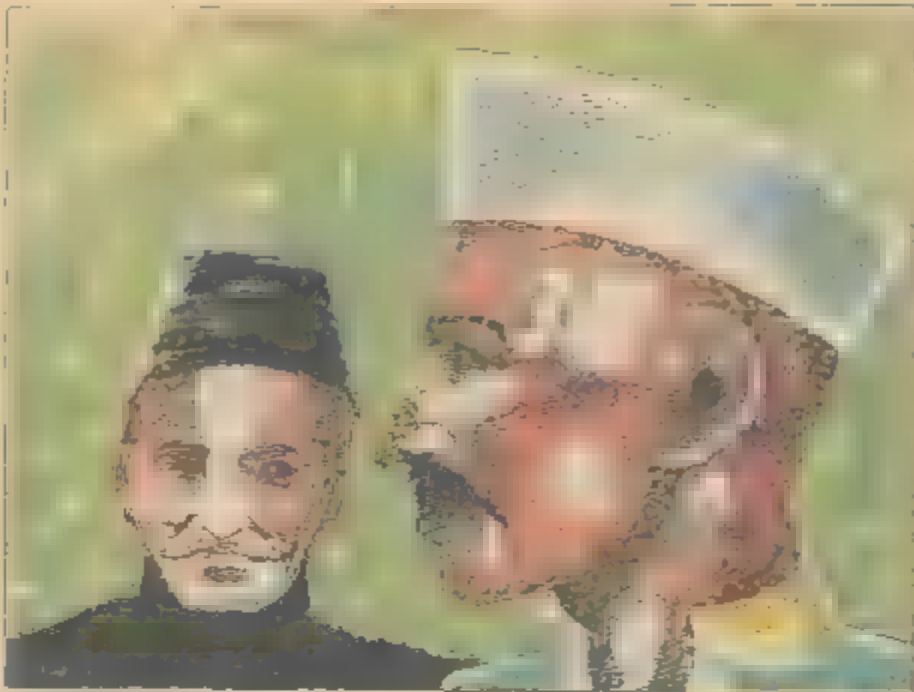
Punjab reeled under oppression spread by Martial law. When the law was lifted, prominent Congress leaders poured into Punjab. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Swami Shraddhananda directed the relief work. Large number of volunteers were mobilised.



The Congress sent a committee to Amritsar to enquire into the massacre. Motilal Nehru and Deshbandhu Chitta Ranjan Das headed the committee. Jawaharlal was assigned the task of assisting the Deshbandhu. He was stunned to witness Dyer's barbarity.

After his work was over, Jawaharlal boarded a night train for Delhi. He found only one upper berth empty in a compartment and occupied it. In the morning he saw that all the passengers were army men and Gen. Dyer too was there. Jawaharlal heard the shameless Dyer boasting of his doing at Jallianwala Bagh.





In December 1919 the Congress session took place at Amritsar. Motilal Nehru presided. It was here that Gandhiji came to be acknowledged as the leader of the new era in the history of Indian National Congress.

On the 1st of August 1920, Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak died in Bombay. It was he who, along with Sri Aurobindo, had given the call of full freedom at the Surat Congress of 1906. Sri Aurobindo had left the political scene in 1910. Now, with the Lokamanya's death, Gandhiji was on his way to the supreme leadership.



Gandhiji and Jawaharlal had reached Bombay that very morning. In the words of Jawaharlal, both "joined that mighty demonstration in which the whole of Bombay's million population seemed to have poured out to do reverence to the great leader whom they had loved so well."

—To continue.



A FOLKTALE FROM CHINA

THE NOBLEMAN'S LAST WISH

In days gone by there was a nobleman in China who was so generous that he never refused anything to anybody. As his fame spread, more and more needy people came to him. "I wish, my boxes were never empty, so that I could always give money to others!" he said — and died rather a heart-broken man because his boxes had really become empty.

His son Chang was a sad man. The empty boxes could not support him. He had to do something to earn a living. He began selling tobacco, carrying the burden and hawking it through lanes.

"My son, can you fill my pipe with tobacco? But I have only one coin to spare!" an old man told him in the bazar. The quantity of tobacco necessary for filling a pipe would cost at least two coins. But looking at the the old man,

Chang took pity on him. He resembled his father.

"All right. I will fill your pipe," said Chang, accepting the coin. But what is this? He went on filling the pipe — but it was not filled! He pushed more and more tobacco into it, but the pipe stomachached everything! In an hour Chang emptied both the sacks he was carrying on two sides of bamboo that rested on his shoulders.

The old man was lost in the crowd. Chang had nothing to sell. He began walking towards his house. Then something surprising happened. His empty sacks grew heavier. They had become so heavy by the time he entered his house that he fell down on the floor. Imagine his amazement when he saw coins thrown out of his sacks scattered on his floor. He collected them and stored them in his father's empty boxes.



He was at once astonished and delighted. Sitting on his veranda, he continued to hear the sound of coins inside the boxes. That is to say, the coins were still increasing!

By midnight the whole room was filled with coins. By morning the second room was filled too. While the third room began to fill up, he went to the village landlord who was in need of money and bought his estate. He emptied his house of the coins in paying the landlord. But the coins began growing up again. Next morning he began distributing them. But by evening, again his rooms looked full.

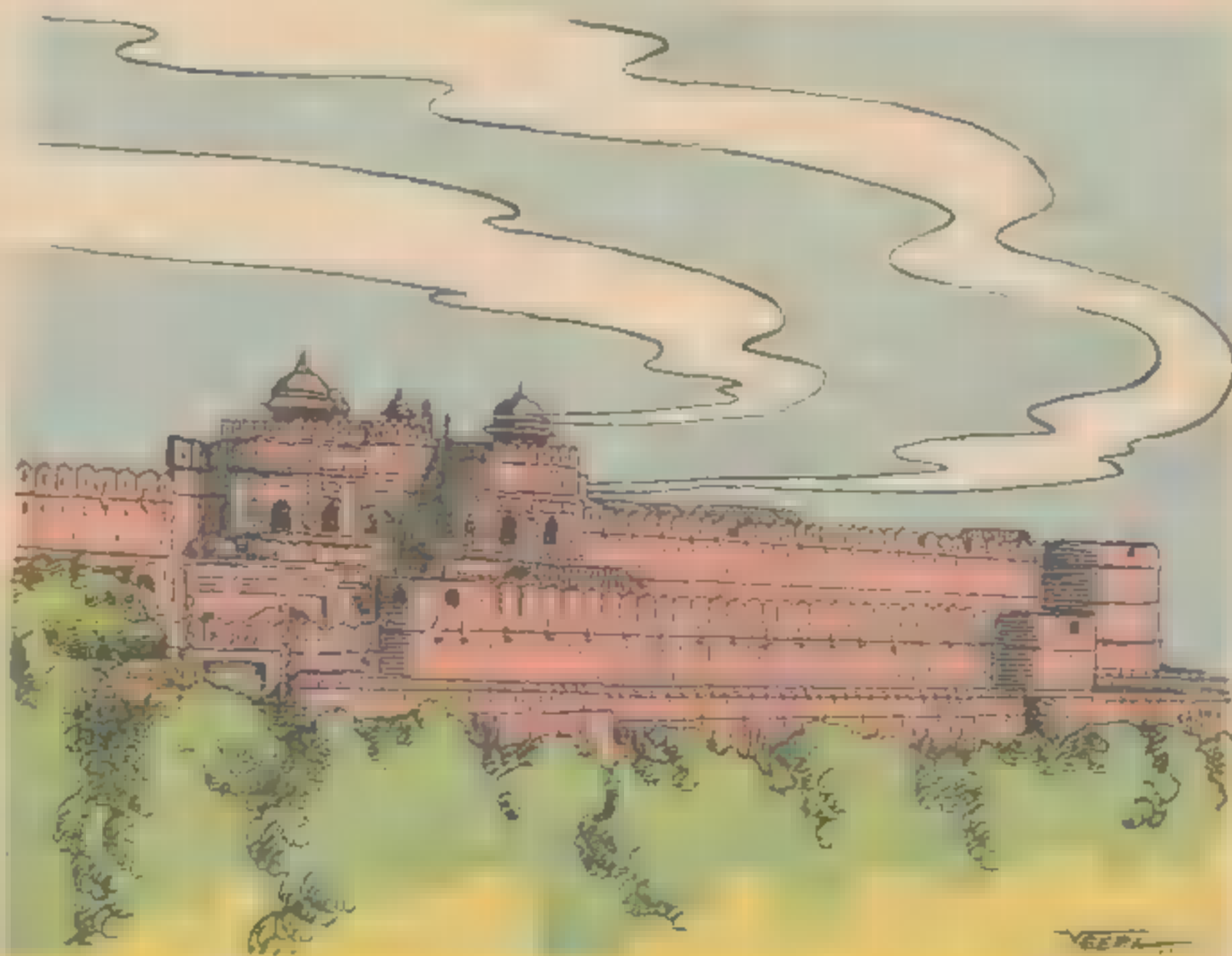
"I wish, the money goes to other people who need it!" he said in a murmur. Suddenly an old man appeared before him and asked for some help. Chang was about to hand over a bagful of coins to him. But he took only one and went away.

Next moment Chang recollected that this was the man who had bought tobacco from him. He ran to trace him. But he was not to be seen. Back at home, Chang marked that the process of the coins growing by themselves had stopped. But he had a big estate by then and he had enough to live by and to give to others too,

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THE AGRA FORT

Agra is known all over the world for the unique Taj Mahal. But the city is rich in several other monuments which are magnificent. Among them is the great fort, the construction of which was begun by Akbar. Three successive Mughal Emperors contributed to its expansion and completion. According to Akbar's court-historian and minister, Abul Fazl, the fort consisted of 500 buildings. Most of them were destroyed by Nadir Shah and also later during battles with the Marathas and Jats. Many of the remaining buildings were destroyed by the British forces when they tried to quench the great Mutiny of 1857. The Moti Masjid inside the fort is the world's largest marble mosque. Inside one of the buildings of this fort, known as the Jasmine Palace, Shah Jahan died as Aurangzeb's prisoner.





King Vichitrassen stood on his balcony and was looking at the western sky. The sun was setting. The clouds looked like mountains of gold.

The king was charmed. He suddenly felt an impulse to paint a picture of the golden sunset. He ordered his chief personal attendant to buy colours and brush of the best quality and the necessary canvas, etc.

The royal wish was complied with. The king began to draw. He drew the picture of a setting sun and exclaimed, "Wonderful!"

"Wonderful, wonderful!" echoed somebody else. The king turned to look at the man. It was Sujan Verma, one of his courtiers. The king liked him because he had a sweet tongue.

"I did not know that Your Majesty was such a genius at art!" commented Sujan Verma.

"Ha ha!!" laughed the king. "How do you like this?" he asked.

"My lord, this is simply wonderful. Did I not say that you are a genius? An ordinary artist would have painted the sun in red. You have made it in yellow. You have drawn the clouds in green. Your sun looks like a sweetmeat and the clouds look like cakes. What is originality if not this? What a pity it is that the public does not get a chance to enjoy your art!" said the courtier.

"Hm!" The king became grave. "Do you believe that the public can benefit if given a chance to enjoy my art?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord. They will be attracted to the pictures because they are drawn by their beloved king. Once they enjoy your pictures, their sense of art will develop. They will love the pic-

tures of others too!" said Sujan Verma.

The king liked the idea. He discussed the issue with the courtier for a long time. The very next day a dozen budding artists were employed under a new scheme. Their job was to make duplicates of the king's original paintings. The pictures were framed well and mounted against excellent wooden planks and sent to the major shops for sale. But they were priced very low, so that even the poor can afford them. Sujan Verma was in charge of the scheme.

The king kept busy throughout the day painting landscapes, portraits of the members of the royal family and his ministers and of such other people with whom he was pleased. Beasts and birds too became his subjects. The dozen artists remained busy making faithful copies of the king's works. Sujan Verma was in charge of buying and supplying the studio with wooden planks and frames.

"How is the scheme working?" The king asked his minister. The minister said, "It is working well. We have given Sujan Verma ten lakhs of rupees within a year for running the department and subsidising the paintings," replied the



finance minister. "Sujan Verma has built a new house for himself. But that is a different matter."

"What I want to know is, has the scheme developed a sense of art among the common men?" asked the king.

"My lord, in order to ascertain that, we have to travel in disguise. Only then we can find out the truth," said the minister.

"That is a bright idea. Let us do so," said the king, quite excited.

He and the minister set out in disguise. They went to the major shop in the town selling paintings among other things. As they looked at the paintings exhibited there they heard a boy asking his elder brother, "What is that animal in



that painting — a horse or a buffalo?"

"Well, I suppose it is neither ■ horse nor a buffalo, but a boar. It is the exact copy of a painting by the king mind you!" answered the elder brother. Both laughed.

"How stupid these fellows are!" said the king. "Let us go to another shop."

As they entered the second shop, they saw an old man, ■ well-known art-teacher, entering it and shouting at the shop-keeper, "Give me a dozen paintings by the king, please! Be quick!" The king who heard this looked delighted.

"Why a dozen at a time?" asked the shopkeeper.

"My new students do not understand anything. I want them to begin by improving upon these immature works of art. Luckily, these are so cheap!" answered the art teacher.

The king's face paled. He went out hurriedly. He and his minister entered a third shop. They saw a poor old lady buying two pieces of the king's art. The king was overjoyed. "You appreciate them, do you?" he asked the lady. "My son, I am buying these for the good frames and the planks. You know, if I buy only frames and planks, they will be very costly. These are so cheap. I will throw away the paintings, and put pictures of Lord Siva and Mother Durga in their places."

The king had lost all enthusiasm for visiting any other shop. He returned to the palace and said. "Minister, close down the new department of art!"

"My lord, let us not do so. Let the department be there for encouraging needy artists to develop their talents. I am sure you will be respected as a patron of art, if not as an artist," advised the minister. The king accepted the advice.

HOW GOOD IS GOODY-GOODY?

How is *goody-goody* different from simple *good*? And what is *Goody goody Goddamn*? What does a sentence like "X was addicted to *goody*" mean? These are the questions Samir Kanti Ghosh of Howrah has to ask.

Goody-goody is not a quite complimentary term. A *goody-goody* person appears to be a fine citizen, but has no distinct personality of his own, has no strength of mind. *Goody goody Goddamn* is an exclamation, used in slang, which is a variation of *Goddamn* or *God damn* it.

What is *Goddam*? This is to be differentiated from *Goddamn*. Originally *God-dam* was used by the French to mean an Englishman, because of the latter's habit to exclaim phrases like "Good God!" "Oh God!" "My God!" etc. We should not confuse it with *Good-dame* which means grandmother.

Now, in a sentence like "X was addicted to *goody*", *goody* means morphine. This is a slang and a normal dictionary is not expected to explain the word in this sense.

P. K. Narayan of Trivandrum wonders what was wrong with his expression when he wrote that his younger brother had learnt all the alphabets in English at the age of three.

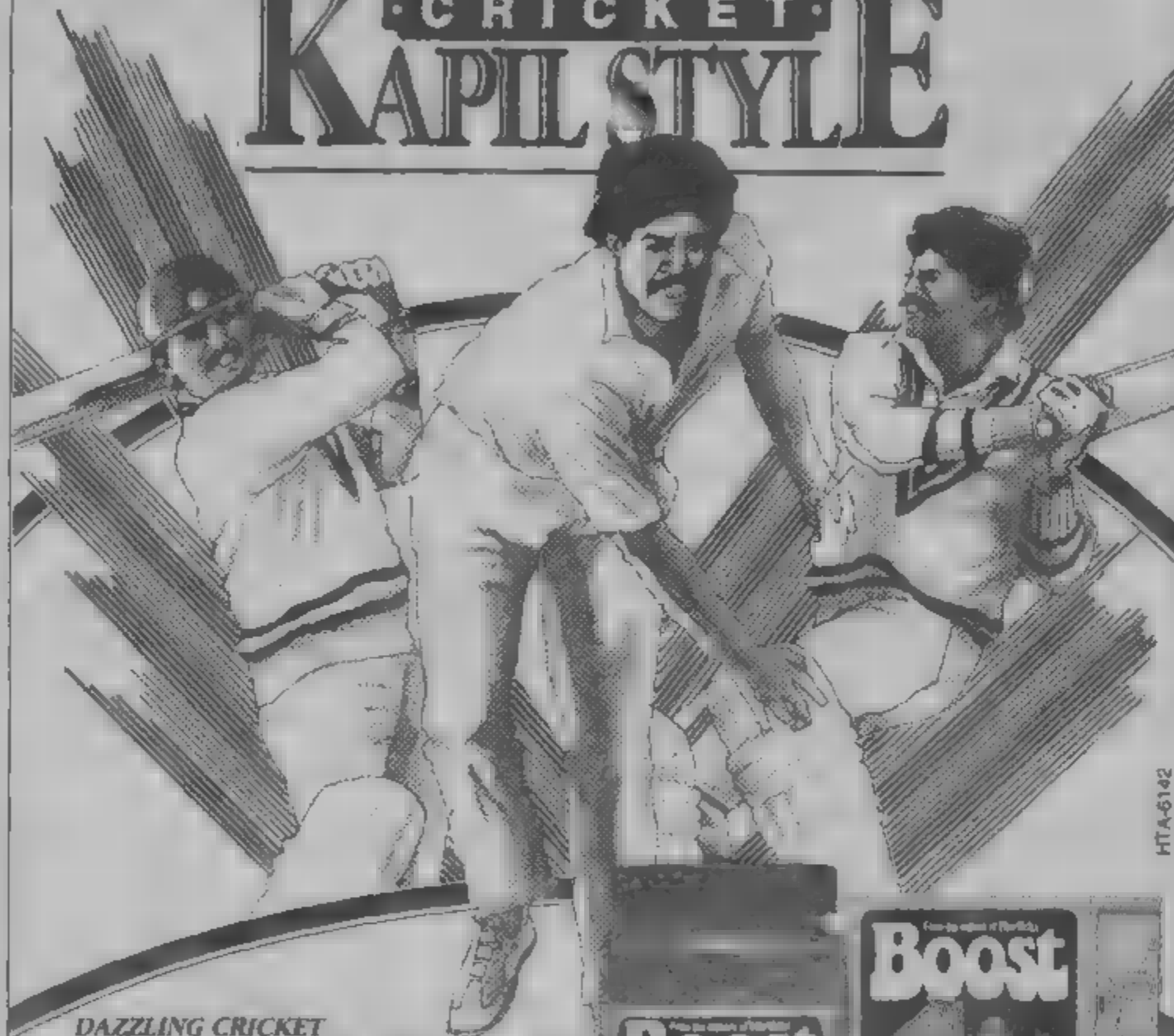
No doubt, it augurs very well for the boy to have learnt all the letters in the English alphabet at that age. But he could not have learnt all the alphabets because each language has only one alphabet and English is no exception. Alphabet means a system or a list of letters put in order. A letter is a unit of the alphabet.



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THE STAMINATED ENERGY FUEL





Who invented printing?

—M. Isaac, Hubli

It is not possible to say who invented printing, but it is possible to say when it was invented. The first 'printed book' is the Chinese translation of a Buddhist scripture, printed from wood blocks. It was 'printed' in A.D. 868 and was discovered in Turkestan, along with a large number of manuscripts, in 1900. The book bears the name of one Wang Chieh who arranged to get it printed. But it is not known how many years prior to this such process of printing had been practised and who was the very first man to begin the process.

The system of using movable type too was first used in China as early as 1317, more than a century before the German, Gutenberg, popularised the system in 1454.

How many King Vikramadityas were there? Who among them is associated with the Vetala stories?

— Bikash Ranjan Mishra, Angul.

Many kings assumed the attractive name which means "as great as the sun in valour and prowess". But the most famous of them was the King of Ujjain belonging to the 1st century B.C., for the Vikram era begins from 58-57 B.C. Some historians think that he was none other than Chandragupta II (A.D. 375–A.D. 413) the third Gupta emperor. Kalidasa and eight other great scholars are believed to have lived in his court. It is this king who is the popular hero of the Vetala stories.

It is possible that there was a king in the 1st century B.C. named Vikramaditya. Later, Chandragupta II became so famous that the two were fused in the popular mind.

Among the other kings who took the title Vikramaditya are Skandagupta and a number of kings belonging to the Chalukya dynasty. They are identified as Vikramaditya I, Vikramaditya II, so on and so forth.



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Age to Start Vaccination	Name of Vaccine	Name of Disease	How Many Times
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6 weeks	Polio	Polio	Three times with intervals of at least one month
6 weeks	DPT	Diphtheria Pertussis (Whooping Cough) Tetanus	Three times with intervals of at least one month
9 months	Measles	Measles	Once

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Ananta Desai



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The Prize for December '88 goes to :-

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"Waiting for their turn" : ■ "Relaxing after their return."

PICKS FROM THE WISE

A smile is the shortest distance between two people.

—Victor Borge

Speech is silver; silence is golden.

—Carlyle

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great

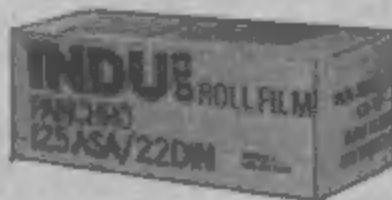
—Emerson



In front of a camera for the first time.
A hundred years ago.



A picture one hundred years old. From the collection of Lala Deen Dayal, Hyderabad.



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